World Review

INCORPORATING REVIEW OF REVIEWS

EDITED BY EDWARD HULTON

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THE FOUR PILLARS

Our cover this month introduces the first of four important special numbers which we propose to produce at quarterly intervals, each dealing with one of the four pillars of the defence of freedom. This issue deals with Britain—subsequent ones will cover America, Russia and China.

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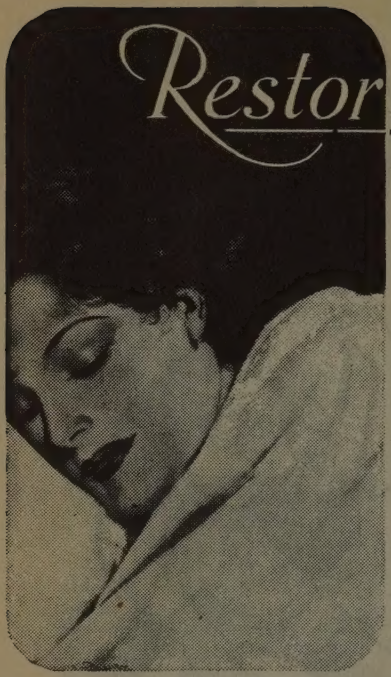

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P569A

Thinking Aloud . . .

by EDWARD HULTON

ATTLEE, GREENWOOD AND HALIFAX MUST GO!

As I write, Attlee, Greenwood and Halifax are still with us! This is the war of wars, the struggle of struggles. In the Inner Cabinet of Cabinets whom do we find at this terrible hour?—Attlee and Greenwood! It is enough to make one turn one's face to the wall and give up the ghost! Can you tell me that no better men can be found than these? Whilst these figures remain in the Holy of Holies how can people be induced to believe that the Government is taking the war seriously? Lord Halifax is also nominally a member of the Inner War Cabinet. He is patently and obviously not the right man for the Americans. We need to send them someone who can show them that we are at least as tough and efficient as they are.

Yet there is hope on the horizon! The *Daily Herald* and other dailies are now announcing that Cripps is coming back to help us to get things right. It is to-day generally acknowledged that he would be acceptable to Labour. He would also be warmly welcomed by almost every other section of the community. A Government with Winston at the head and Cripps and Bevin, and perhaps Shinwell, as Brain Trusters without Portfolio would be some Government! It is still being urged that we need a Supreme Economic Chief to stop this continued lack of co-ordination. Men who should know tell me that there are at least two persons who could manage this job. There is also a fit succession of persons who could adequately fill other essential rôles. It is a lie that we haven't got the able men. The truth is that we retain men who could not be described as suitable by the widest possible stretch of imagination.

BIG BEVIN

Bevin has been much hampered by the fact that Attlee, and not he, is the nominal head of the Labour Party, and that he was put into Parliament and office as the representative of the Trade Unions. When he exercises his powers as Minister of Labour, and sometimes has to tread on the corns of the Unions he naturally weakens some of his support. Though, like most of us in this world, he is not perfect, he is worthy of support as a genuine fighter for progress, a man of courage unusual in modern ministers, and a person who has taken the trouble to make a really considerable study of affairs outside the ordinary domestic run of Union and kindred matters. He knows quite a lot about foreign policy, and Dominion and Colonial affairs and has travelled widely—a big man in a big body.

DO IT NOW!

The 1941 Committee did not draw up their latest memorandum about Production in academic seclusion. The first draft was submitted to a number of industrialists and representatives of Labour. The hostile criticisms were remarkably few. The memorandum urges as steps which can be taken *now*: (1) Public control of railways, mines.

JOHN BULL AND HIS BULLDOG 1941
BY MOLLIE HIGGINS

docks, etc., partly as a valuable token of the Post-war New Deal. (2) Pooling of essential (civilian and war) industries within wartime state-financed holding-and-operating companies, with fair compensation for owners. (3) A national wages policy (the Unions have been rather unhelpful here). (4) Bonuses for high production for managers. (5) Drastic transfer of labour from unessential industries. (6) Better local organs to distribute and transfer labour. This to include temporary transfer when work is slack. (7) Production committees, representing management, technicians and workers. (8) A complaints committee in each supply department. (9) The extension of rationing. This is the *only* way to deal with the bogy of inflation. (10) A more sensible system of taxation, including E.P.T.

WARDLAW MILNE WAS RIGHT

TANKS for Russia Weeks cannot take the place of a plan. Bevin has now told us that our factories must increase output by thirty to forty per cent this winter. Thus it looks as though Sir John Wardlaw Milne, who was violently attacked by the Government, was right after all when he said that our war effort was only about seventy-five per cent of its maximum. Remember that John D. Biggers, U.S. Co-ordinator of British and American Production, talked about Britain and U.S.A. out-producing the Axis *by mid*-1943! There is too much conservatism about the design of weapons, and also too much fussy modification and pedantic inspection. Some weapons have been modified actually thousands of times. Is it certain, moreover, that we cannot, like the Germans, have soldiers who go back for part of the year into the factories? This would naturally only apply to a few thousand valuable skilled men. Some of these ideas are not novel—they are merely essential.

THAT EXTRA RATION?

THE 1941 Committee is now becoming an important clearing house for faults in our productive machinery. Frustration would be intense indeed without it. Another memorandum issued by the Committee asks the public to state that they do not want the extra ration of sugar, and that they would rather the shipping were used to help Russia, or for other essential purposes. The highest medical authorities have stated that the extra sugar ration is not necessary for health. The extra fats are strictly speaking necessary, being a kind of Home Guard against the onslaught of disease; though it was debated whether this sacrifice might not also be made. Sugar, however, is more in the nature of a stimulant, and we already have enough of it. The Russians have not got enough sugar, and some is already being sent. The appeal has had a most dramatic effect up and down the country, and Lord Woolton has been almost submerged by a storm of letters. His reply has not met any of the points made.

UNSELFISHNESS

LET those who imagine that the Anglo-Saxon peoples have never been moved by unselfish considerations recall that at the time of Wilberforce the poorest workers gave up their sugar rather than eat the produce of West Indian slaves. A similar example is afforded by the letter of the working men of Manchester. It was addressed to President Lincoln during the Civil War in America. This struggle, by cutting off the working people of Lancashire from American cotton, was reducing them to starvation.

Nevertheless, in their letter they begged him to continue the struggle, because they believed that it was a fight for freedom and justice.

SACK THE DUDS!

An essential factor in our production troubles is the eternal Civil Service. The Government is rightly assuming more and more control over manufacturers. This it can only do through Civil Servants. Attacks on the Service have been many; but they have been vague and somewhat unhelpful. The main faults of the Service seem to be, that it is wholly negative in its spirit; there is no devolution of responsibility upon subordinate administrators; and Civil Servants cannot be dismissed for incompetence. No one has yet in this war succeeded in sacking a Civil Servant; he has only been able to transfer him to another Department. It is patent and obvious that this is a state of affairs which is absolutely hopeless, and unless it is altered we cannot possibly win. Complex questions of pensions are involved. The best thing would probably be to be liberal about pensions. Let the unsatisfactory 'civilian' keep any rights to pensions and security which he may have, but if he is no good he must give up the job. Naturally Sir Horace Wilson must be the first to go. He is still interfering with the staffing of most ministries, though the Foreign Office has at last broken free.

I see, by the way, that there has been a revival of the demand that ministers who have let down the country in a gross fashion should be impeached, or made the subject of a Bill of Attainder.

PLEASE SAVE PAPER

I want to appeal again to all readers to save paper. Many of us think to ourselves, 'Oh yes, of course, I will save paper'. But we do not do much about it. I have found half the books reposing on the shelves in my office quite unnecessary, and in fact never really destined ever to be opened by me again—or even for that matter opened for the first time. The drawers of my desk I found crammed with odd documents and manuscripts which I vaguely knew I would not want again, but which I had been too busy, or too lazy, to go through and eliminate.

Actually, the importation of pulp from the New World is a great problem, even apart from the necessary 'bottoms'. The Americans themselves formerly imported a good deal of pulp from Finland and the Baltic. Now they have more than sufficient markets for their own produce and do not find it easy to send us supplies.

INJURY TO INSULT

Owing to gross incompetence the fuel with which bounteous nature has seen fit to dower our land has been denied to us. Miners have gone into other industries, or been sent into the P.B.I. Transport has been mismanaged. Thus our coal-scuttles are not very full. Now the Mines Department has the effrontery to insult us by trying to get us to 'take the pledge' to conserve fuel; and on top of this it is wasting paper in so doing. Just as I was carrying a load of waste paper out of my front door the literary efforts of the Mines Department blew in. *The Times* reports that it has received many protests directed against this extravagance. One correspondent described it as 'a perfect example of wasted paper'. Mr. Dai Grenfell, Minister of Mines, has not shown himself a very capable administrator. Isn't it time that he was hauled over the coals?

About 70,000 miners have gone into the armed forces. What the industry

requires, however, is not 'miners' in general, who include surface men, haulage hands, horse-keepers, pump men, etc., of whom there is no lack, but coal-face workers. If the forces released 15,000 coal-face workers the increase in output would be nearly 12,000,000 tons a year.

THE BRITISH 'ASS.'

PEOPLE are still talking about the unusually international congress which the British Association held recently. One of the best speeches was made by Sir John Orr, on food. Let it be said that until only a very few years ago we simply did not know what diet a person required. Let it now be said that to-day we do know. All nations are gloriously united in recognising a definite standard of nutrition. They are also gloriously united in not applying it. Even in Britain and U.S.A. half the people are not getting this standard. But the world could easily produce enough to give the standard to every man alive. Noel Baker told us of an actual case of a school where half the children had got their sums right and half not. 'The more intelligent ones' were those who had had an extra glass of milk before starting their lessons. We can and must set up similar standards for houses, clothes, etc.

The growing of adequate food will demand so much agricultural production that we shall automatically have an enormous stabilising force in world economy. This idea appealed to Alvin Hansen, of the American Federal Reserve Board, who wanted U.S.A. to possess the purchasing power after the war to be able to buy British goods. Dr. Kuo Zing Yang, of China, said the problem was whether China was to become a great satisfied democratic 'sensible' power or another Japan, or Germany. I think that we have done a good deal to make Japan the public nuisance she is at present.

Sir Harold Hartley reminded us that coal would remain for many years by far the greatest source of power. But supplies were not unlimited and should be better conserved. He suggested the central heating of whole towns from the exhaust steam of electric power stations.

SUCCESSFUL DEMOCRACY

LUTHER GULICK told us about the wonderful Tennessee Valley Authority. The valley is as big as England and 'houses' several million people. They hope in a short time to have doubled their incomes. The scheme has been carried out by Roosevelt's Federal Government, but it has obtained democratic approval of the plans at every stage. It was also brought out that the people needed far more guidance on what to eat. The ignorance of most British people about diet is damnable.

Sir John Russell said that most of the plants and animals of eastern Europe which were now being wantonly destroyed belonged to breeds specially selected for life in those climatic conditions. The important sorts of wheat should be sent to western Canada and kept going, ready to be sent back to re-sow the scorched earth. Cuttings of the fruit trees could easily be kept going in England; and an enormous number could be sent here in a single aeroplane.

STILL MORE WELLS!

A. V. HILL deplored the great gap between 'pure science' and Government or applied science. Waddington and Hogben thought that the ineffectiveness of British scientists in working out constructive plans for social betterment was not due simply to their having no contact with the day-to-day workings of Government laboratories. It was largely due to

This is the DAILY SKETCH'S *idea of war work—these able-bodied young women are from Scamperdale, Kent. The* DAILY SKETCH *caption to the picture was: 'Going to it.'*

an out-of-date scientific education which did not lead their technical interests into those fields which are of most practical importance for society. Since University men teach teachers, who teach the whole nation, this failure of the educational system affected the attitude of everybody towards science. H. G. Wells again presented his pessimistic view of the world, in which he claimed that we must develop a 'world mind', and that the first essential for this was the creation of an international language. His speech was received coldly. I personally think that some international language, English or French—not an artificial one—would be extremely valuable, but I agree with the learned scientists that it is not the chief problem.

'CO-OPERATION IS SO EASY'

I WENT to a funny meeting about India at the Savoy. I was a bit nervous that it might do something indiscreet. So many well-meaning Left Wingers who know nothing about India, and are much too busy to study it, get so sentimental on this subject. After all, Mr. Nehru was imprisoned for a speech against the war effort which would land you or me in gaol if we made it in Trafalgar Square. I have never understood quite why 'St. Gandhi', as the American *Life* dubs him, (why not St. Halifax?) is taken seriously as a statesman. He recommended that we should not resist Hitler in Britain, 'thus preserving our many beautiful buildings.' Anyhow I need not have worried. The meeting had not been in existence five minutes when Mr. H. G. Wells, with his usual brilliance, raised a red herring and put the cat amongst the pigeons in his own inimitable way. I left the gathering in a state of hopeless entanglement. It is written in the works of Wells that world co-operation is easy. It is a funny thing that he has only to appear amongst half a dozen persons hitherto in cordial agreement to send them into vociferous turmoil.

INDIA'S QUISLINGS

An interesting light was thrown on this meeting by the report a few days later in the *Daily Herald* that the Secretary of the Indian Home Department had announced that there was no doubt that Subhas Chandra Bose, former President of the Congress Party, had gone over to the enemy. He is apparently in Rome or Berlin. Probably the most constructive thing to do about India would be to associate ourselves in its administration with the United States, and perhaps Russia. These powers would then appreciate the difficulties.

GOOD PROPAGANDA

I must say that I was tremendously impressed by the film, '49th Parallel', which has received a generous subsidy from the M.O.I. I remained as excited as a schoolboy, and I was really inspired by its democratic message. Anton Walbrook, as the anti-Nazi German, played a most difficult part with a most remarkable sincerity and beauty. Glynis Johns was enchanting as the little Hutterite maiden. I felt so happy that The Bergner did not appear. I don't think I could have stood her wriggles!

COURAGE

Mr. Vernon Bartlett delivered an exceptionally courageous speech at the luncheon given him by The 1941 Committee on his return from Russia. In front of the Counsellor of the Soviet Embassy, whilst praising the fortitude and efficiency of the Russians, and appealing for more support for them, he regretted the lack of free democratic spirit in the Soviet Union, and the fact that the authorities find it necessary to keep so many people in prison. His speech has gone some way towards the abatement of the silly sentimentality which has been let loose in the Press about the Soviets. This silly stuff is of no service to Britain or to Russia. After hearing Mr. Bartlett's honest words I certainly felt prouder to be an Englishman and a journalist.

A NOBLE GERMAN

Von Galen, Catholic Bishop of Münster, has recently preached sermons on three successive Sundays in his city. 'I cry out,' he says, 'as a German and an honest citizen, as a representative of the religion of Christ, and as a Catholic Bishop; we demand justice. If this cry remains unheeded, then internal decomposition and corruption will lead our German people and our country to ruin.' How foolish to make no distinction between Hitlerism and the German people! The Soviet Government does not fail to make this distinction.

HUMOUR SECTION

Owing to increasing thefts from tobacconists a certain firm were informed by their insurance company that they would have to instal a certain type of burglar-proof lock. This lock proved unobtainable. Meanwhile the Ministry of Supply came along and said they wanted the iron railings and gate which enclosed the shop. This was agreed to and the insurance company informed. The insurance company decided that it was a serious matter and would mean the revision of their premium. The tobacconist rejoined: 'You had better discuss this with the Ministry.' The company replied: 'No, we are only concerned with our clients.' A day or two later the harassed tobacconist ran across his builder. 'Don't worry,' exclaimed the latter. 'Let the Ministry take the railings. I will get a special permit for a new set of railings.' This is a true story.

'What Britain Means to Me'

I

A difficult question to answer—just because to most who know and love her, Britain means such an immense variety of things. Yet we have attempted to present a symposium in which both Britons and foreigners try to find an expression of their ideas and emotions

Edited by TOM HARRISSON

ONE of the main things which decide who will win a war, or at the least how much a country will endure without defeat, is the feeling in each and every citizen about the country. There are other and more dynamic attributes of citizenship and strategy; but in the end a great deal depends on whether or not a man is ready to suffer long and deep for the share he has in his part of the world; and whether a woman will balance the loss of her man or her child against her feeling for the continued identity and independence of her home and homeland. Whether we like it or not, one of the more important feelings in the world to-day is the feeling for the place in which we were born and brought up.

Through the nation-wide machinery of Mass-Observation, detailed studies of feeling about Britain and Britain's future have been made during the past six months.

BACKGROUND 1: SHORT-TERM PESSIMISM

First, there is a great deal of pessimism about the post-war set-up in this country. In a series of surveys undertaken in various towns, there has always been a big majority who consider that after the war is over there will be economic depression and wide-scale financial difficulties. This figure is highest of all in badly-blitzed towns, where the proportion is as high as ten persons pessimistic for every one who is optimistic about post-war economy. Similarly, when people are asked 'Do you think there will be much or little unemployment after the war?'—most people expect much unemployment after the war. In general, the most remembered thing about the last war is the economic depression that followed it; people largely expect the same thing to happen again. Economists tell us that there is no factual reason *why* the same thing should happen again. But by and large, people *expect* it to happen, and this fear is one of the most important *facts* about Britain at the moment. While people are quite confident about our winning the war, they are far from confident (so far) in our winning the peace.

BACKGROUND 2: LONG-TERM OPTIMISM

This first point (economic pessimism) is very relevant to people's feeling about

Britain. Britain is not only a place full of people and trees and houses; it is also the country in which you have to earn your living and pay the rent and get what security you can. The immediate result is reflected by a very considerable number of young people who now say that after the war they want to go and work in America or in the Colonies. On the other hand, there is a deeper, more permanent feeling that Britain (and civilisation generally) makes some sort of fairly steady *progress*. Thus there is a vague long-term confidence, offset by short-term pessimism.

The second point, then, is this long-term confidence. It is typically reflected in a survey made through Mass-Observation's Panel of Voluntary Observers, who are representative of more informed and intelligent opinion in all sections of the community. Of these people:

65% *considered the world had progressed all round in the past century;*
24% *considered the world had progressed in some ways, not in others;*
6% *considered it had not progressed;*
5% *were unable to decide;*
None considered it had retrogressed.

There is, in fact, a widespread belief that, in the long run, things, both in Britain and outside, tend steadily to improve.

So much by way of background. Now we can focus more clearly on people's particular feelings about Britain.

FOREGROUND: WHAT BRITAIN MEANS TO PEOPLE

We can get the general atmosphere of feeling about Britain by quoting the wife of a policeman, who writes:

'Britain. My own little niche in the world, where life can be lived harmoniously, where I can pursue hobbies, or dream idle dreams, where I can revel in and appreciate beautiful nature in the glorious English country-side. In fact, home, loved ones, work and peace, symbolises Britain for me.'

Equally straightforward is an R.A.F. instructor, who puts it this way:

'What does Britain mean to ME? *Well—it's Home, my life, my all—not the land called Britain, but the style of living, the mode of life, the system, the ridiculous approach to problems. The manner of Government, the humour, the tragedy—it's all Britain . . .*

'Any piece of land from any part of the world is just a piece of land, but if a corner of Germany, loved, forgot, remembered like we do on this Isle, then that part of Germany would be Britain and that piece of foreign land would arouse the same Patriotism in me as I feel for this England.

'In short, the answer to the question can only be
'LIFE.'

We see, in these two descriptions of British feeling, most of the elements to be found over and over again among all sorts of people. Home, often with a capital H; the familiar and reasonable *style* of living; the people; muddled Government; country scenes—and, perhaps underlying people's feelings almost more than anything else, the feeling that in Britain you *need not be afraid*. Listen now to a young woman who before the war was an artist, and who is now doing her bit working as a vegetable gardener:

'Britain: Above all—(and as compared with other countries) a place where nothing need make one afraid—*and by this I mean not only, not even chiefly, from a political point of view; but the feeling that one can move about freely, develop one's individuality unhampered by restrictive laws. A nation of which I am sometimes ashamed because it is so backward in some of the arts of civilisation—in painting, cooking, town-planning, social service and hospitality, and to a less degree in music, but of which on the whole I can be proud, because although often stupid and shortsighted, and sometimes self-seeking, it really does stand—or so I believe—for an ideal of personal and intellectual liberty and tolerance, not only for ourselves, but for others as well. Yes, I've been ashamed of England sometimes, and don't by any means believe that all we do is right; but I would rather live here than anywhere else. I'm not ashamed of our conduct in* this *war, except that I feel we are perhaps a bit slow in organising our resources to the utmost, and have not been as helpful to our Allies as one could have wished; I hope I shall*

have nothing to regret in the following Peace—it's always our diplomacy that lets us down.'

Notice that she, like a great many other people, is not ashamed to admit that she has felt ashamed of Britain at times in the past—the time of appeasement is most often mentioned. Notice also the readiness to discuss our slowness in organising and in helping our Allies—her last sentences are so characteristic of the female point of view.

Another woman, who works in the Local Food Office, stresses the freedom from fear again, and raises a point which is frequently mentioned, our national complacency; of the sort of British feeling which so often puzzles or infuriates the foreigner.

'And England means to me too indifferent cooking, prudery and narrowmindedness, and ignorance, and people who think they are infinitely superior just because they happen to have been born here. But it also means people with humour and who love flowers and animals.'

BRITAIN VERSUS ENGLAND, ETC.

To distinguish between Britain and England, or Scotland, or Wales, or Ireland, is one trend that emerges strongly so soon as you start discussing this subject with people. Britain is felt to be somewhat symbolic and rather impersonal, whereas England (or whichever other country the person lives in) is more personal, intimate. Britain is a wider unit and an astonishing number of people talk about Britain as if it were a unit of two countries, the one in which they live and the other three combined as foreigners. Some people are even antagonistic to the word Britain. For instance, this, from a famous novelist who lives now as a farmer-landowner in Scotland:

'Britain as a word means damn-all, England means things I love and hate, a word charged with passion in the same way, though differently from, Scotland. Britain is either the sort of place that the heroes of my historical novels come from, woad and Druids and so on, or else its a B.B.C. word with no guts.'

Or this, from a civil servant, aged thirty-one:

'I don't think in terms of Britain but of England. Although, of course, I should without hesitation go and help turn out the Germans from Caithness as readily as I would from Kent, I consider the Scots a separate and unsympathetic race and the Welsh a peculiar people.'

This is expressed even more strongly by the Medical Officer of Health in a famous English town, one that has been repeatedly blitzed:

'To be quite truthful, I do not consciously think of myself as a Briton, but rather as an Englishman, and the land I love is specifically England.'

Indeed, some of this material might slightly depress the Internationalist or Federal Unionist; it might even cause the Scottish Nationalist and Welsh Nationalist to hesitate. For the English seem just as ready to be English Nationalists as the Welsh or Scotch. There is a much stronger feeling among the English about being English than about being British. Of course, this feeling is very mild and kindly and natural; not many people go as far as one who remarked:

'The term Britain is more easily associated in my mind with missionaries, gunboats and prestige than with any of the "good" qualities I should more easily associate with England.'

And such sentiments come largely from better-off people, who often tend to feel less sympathy with their fellow-men all over the world than working people do. But some of this distinguishing between Britain and its constituent countries is rather superficial: it derives from the fashion and jargon of recent years, when words like Empire have become discredited through propaganda. A works' production manager in a Midlands textile mill shows this in describing his feelings about Britain, for he first gets the

superficial reaction, then goes deeper and brings out something stronger:

'If the question only applies to the word, the first instinctive reaction is dislike: as for me, probably quite wrongly, the word always seems to be used in connexion with Imperialism of the extreme and Jingo type which at once awakens all my dislike of all that Jingoism stands for. But if I continue to think and let Britain represent the British Isles then it means for me the only country of the many in which I have lived in which I really feel at home.'

OUR LAND

One of the clearest images which come to people's minds when they think of Britain is the geography of Britain. More people mentioned this than any other one point. It is well expressed by a country housewife, who has become a wartime worker on the farm in her remote village:

'Britain means places *largely—when I say "Britain" I see the British Isles spread out as if I were looking at it from an aeroplane, and all the things I like in it are distinct and clear. It means the highlands, hills and water, heather and myrtle; it means white grass blown bent by wind on the lowland moor; it means English pastures with streams running through them . . . Then it means farms and hunting, and pink coats and hounds, and race meetings with sleek thoroughbreds and point-to-points, with farmers riding their own and their friends' horses, and beer in stuffy tents and cold winds through one's mackintosh and a nagging ache in one's mind because someone one likes too much is going to ride.'*

The feeling of the land—the soil of Britain under our feet, the firm base for all our work and play and hopes and fears—is the foundation of so much feeling. Both among those living in towns and in the country, the land and the landscape are more mentioned than any other single item. Some of the things most frequently mentioned may be summarised here. This rough analysis cannot cover the finer shades of mood, only the actual *things* which people say are important about their Britain:

SOME THINGS WHICH PEOPLE MENTION AS IMPORTANT IN INFLUENCING THEIR FEELING ABOUT BRITAIN (IN ORDER OF FREQUENCY):

1. *The land, countryside.*
2. *Government, politics, administration.*
3. *The people.*
4. *Home.*
5. *History and tradition.*
6. *Freedom from fear, etc.*
7. *Town scenes.*
8. *Climate.*
9. *Songs and music.*
10. *Royal Family, Union Jack, etc.*
11. *Literature.*
12. *Architecture.*
13. *Sports.*
14. *Religion.*

LAND OF SANITY

The tremendous sanity of Britain, its lack of that temperamentalism which we so often despise in foreigners, is stressed by a great many people. There is something calm and steady about Britain despite all its inefficiencies and injustices which many mention and recognise.

A young man (a Londoner) who until recently has had Right-wing views, puts it clearly, reaching in his last sentences a conclusion which is now quite frequently reached by people from many walks of life:

'It means Cotswold cottages and village green cricket; late September mists filling the valleys in the Surrey Downs; quiet backwaters on the river; and winding country lanes, beer and the companionship in "pubs"; coal fires and laughter; shining cars and the lights of Piccadilly . . .

'Easy going, inarticulate and sentimental people. A tolerant people allowing any crank to expound his views and any person to worship what God he pleases; a people slow to anger and quick to forgive; a people, who despite their world-wide commitments, do not—in normal times—give much thought to foreigners but just divide them into two categories—white and coloured. And by "foreigners" the average Englishman means somebody whose mother tongue is not English, for few Britons think of an American as a foreigner.

'All these things Britain means to me and more. I regard it as a buoy of hope in seas of despair. A stronghold of sanity *where the people can, if they*

will, shake off their habitual lethargy, so influence their leaders that they, in council with other peoples, may bring a breath of sanity which will dispel the insane odours now suffocating the world. The question is, will they do it? They might. There is certainly a strengthening undercurrent of feeling, and many people like myself, who formerly had Right-wing tendencies, feel that if we have to move to the Left to try to win a war, it would not be a bad idea to stay on the Left to try to win the peace.'

COMPLACENT OR CONFUSED?

This war has distinctly accentuated our impatience with ourselves! (By the way, a word of personal explanation here. This report does not express *my own* point of view, but generalises and makes points drawn from Mass-Observation research material. I am English and Welsh; the two long week-ends I have been able to get in this war have been taken, with a frantic rush of night travel, in Scotland; I was born in Argentina and dragged around the interior of Brazil as a child; since I had the liberty of my own movements on leaving school, I have spent more time in the Tropics and the Arctic than in Europe; I love Britain, especially Bolton, in Lancashire; I also love Tahiti and Malekula, in the Western Pacific). This severe war has jarred the complacent structure of British life—or, to be more exact, superstructure. We remain complacent about our superiority, but there is a very striking decrease in complacency about the necessarily automatic rightness of our systems, institutions, politicians. Perhaps this part of British feeling, with all its confusions and colours, is best expressed by the headmaster of a Senior School in Hertfordshire:

'Britain to me means the countryside, the sea, and the people; literature; and a way of life. British people often annoy me by fatheadedness—not organising themselves to get the best results, not working hard, by unexpected selfishness; but I expect I annoy large numbers of people by exactly the same things, and the great thing about life in this country is "live and let live"—tolerance. We're not logical, but we're reasonable. What makes me savage is a matter like growing crops over footpaths, or wiring up rights of way, or huge "Trespassers" notices; and I was once so furious over a notice on a Thames backwater, "Gentlemen will not trespass, tramps must not", that I—well, guess . . .

'I'm proud of belonging by accident to the same country which has the finest naval history in the world, and which produced some of the finest infantry in history. I think we're an awfully foolish people, and very easily deceived; but like to think we have a certain integrity which will get us through the bad places into which bad leadership and our own indolence have brought us.'

There is another thing we like about ourselves: our particular brand of humour. A middle-class housewife, aged thirty-five, on this subject:

'Friendly, self-respecting people co-operating with one another without authority imposed from above or uncontrolled emotion bursting from below; people who have a voluntary respect for order and fair play, taking their turn in queues, laughing if they hurt themselves, ragging their way through difficulties; people with a gift for Heath-Robinson improvisations in difficulties, whether of government or work or hobbies. Unsuspicious people, not plot-minded or mysterious; people with whom you can feel deeply at peace.'

In all these moods and feelings about Britain there is noticeably little which could be called arrogant, though there is plenty which is sufficiently firm and complacent to irritate the Australian or the Spaniard. One lady, of independent means, aged forty-seven, does however, write and tell us that her feelings about Britain are 'so deep and fundamental' that she doesn't feel she can produce them at all. The other facet of this attitude is nicely reflected by a young student who exclaims:

'Oh gosh! It doesn't seem at all English to talk about England. Thank God I'm English enough to do it very badly, leaving out hundreds of things and expressing what I do say rottenly.'

This is a necessarily broad survey of one of the most complicated and abstruse feelings in any people—yet it shows the mood and spirit of the British in the midst of their greatest trial.

6

'What Britain Means to Me'

II

Foreigners are perhaps more articulate in their opinions about the essence and significance of Britain. Paul Tabori, who edited the second part of our symposium, has collected the opinions of seventeen different nations in the survey of foreign reactions to what Britain stands for

A CONTINENTAL author told me once that he found the British attitude to criticism or even comment by foreigners on Britain very similar to that of the legendary Cyrano de Bergerac when anyone dared to speak about the French nobleman's monstrous nose. The great swordsman and poet often poked fun at his own proboscis, but resented bitterly the slightest remark made by a stranger. The British, said the Continental writer, profess to be broad-minded about outside comments, but are really extremely sensitive to the smallest derogatory interpretation of their views or actions.

Consciously, or unconsciously, many foreigners who visited Britain or made her their home, must have felt something similar. Perhaps it has been dimmed in the last two years when the changing fortunes of war and the fanatical aberrations of the totalitarian countries have caused the greatest migration Europe has known for many centuries. Never have so many foreigners lived in Britain, the last citadel of freedom and sanity on the edge of Europe. Most of them have come to this country with false conceptions of its life and people, but perhaps for the first time in British history, a close and constant contact between Briton and foreigner has become possible. That is the explanation why some of the opinions collected here go deeper and show more understanding than a similar symposium would have done three years ago.

The admiration for British courage, tolerance, fair dealing and common sense is certainly no attempt at a *captatio benevolentiæ*. Most of the foreigners who live in Britain now have proved by this simple fact where their genuine sympathies lie. Their tributes are sincere and their valuation of aspects of British character, which are largely unconscious assets to the British themselves, offers many a startling comment on the people of this island fortress.

* * *

Senor Juan López is a Spanish journalist who now lives at Oxford. For many years he has been a member of the leading committee of 'the National Confederation of Labour' in Spain, and held the position of Minister of Commerce in the Loyalist Government during the Civil War. His contribution stresses the political ideas of the British Commonwealth:

To my mind Britain represents to-day the same factor for progress for which she stood in the nineteenth century during the industrial revolution and the fight for free trade. In the present world crisis, which has been caused by the clash of social and economic forces, the freedom of thought is endangered, since the totalitarian forms of government, whatever their colour,

seek to suppress it and convert man into an animal, a cipher in production and consumption, thus annihilating his free will. In the face of such a danger, Britain stands for freedom of thought which is essential in a society built on the co-operation of all nations—and the more progressive the political and economic form of this future society is, the more essential it becomes. We Spanish workers who are prepared to submit to discipline in order to achieve a more prosperous and ordered economy, will never submit at any price to the suppression of freedom of thought and speech. For this reason we prize highly the principle of respecting these liberties which is so unshakable in Britain. In a changing world, Britain is my greatest hope.

Jiří Mucha is a young Czech poet serving in the Czech forces in Britain. He emphasises the spiritual experience which his adopted country has given him:

A soldier, I believe, responds easily to the milieu *of the country in which he is on active service, and Britain has given us the knowledge of her people. The events which followed the French capitulation taught me that* control *is an art. An art which we on the Continent have still to master—the control of the individual, of intimate companions, of the foreigner. When we are unable to control ourselves or our neighbours, we condemn ourselves to war.*

Before I came to Britain, I already had close contacts with her art. I do not want to elaborate the importance of English literature; let me mention her other spiritual contributions to European civilisation. Why does the Continent imagine that the land of Purcell, Hogarth, Turner and Constable—who were all pioneers of artistic form—is a land where people have no creative ability? It is foolish to pretend that these great men were accidental representatives of a Western Latin world. They belonged to a country where artistic values are fully comprehended.

We younger Czechoslovaks were fathered by the great Masaryk—an Anglo-Saxon Slav or—if you wish—a Slav Anglo-Saxon. There are many traces of Britain in our cultural heritage. We know that Masaryk was right; and we have seen with our eyes the sort of individual he has set as an ideal for us.

Britain means a new life to Denise Béal, a French girl who is working at the Institut Français.

What Britain means to me? Hope for mankind. . . .

She means a practical and healthy life; a garden one is proud of; true friendship, regardless of sex, free from sentimentality and carping criticism; independence of thought (in what other country under the sun could one under the present circumstances hear such discussions as take place at Marble Arch on any day, always in a true spirit of brotherhood!). Here I realised what a free nation was: a community in which friendly criticism is open to everyone, but where there is no room for violence or hatred. It means honour and trust at school and afterwards in life. There is no place for corruption in Britain—not even in politics.

This is Britain to me, Britain, the champion of a noble cause . . . but Britain is only part of the British Commonwealth. Its subjects are the true brothers and friends of the universe. Britain is powerful . . . she rules *a quarter of the world . . . and the waves . . .*

Otto Zarek is an eminent German writer who gave up his career, quiet study and writing, to join the Pioneer Corps, because he felt that he had to fight for Britain in the truest sense of the word. His point of view is that of the historian, and he examines the basic principles of British democracy.

'Paradise England!' one of those refugees waiting somewhere in Europe for permission to enter Britain had exclaimed. 'Home of free thinking men, hope of the persecuted!' I knew of this characteristic of Britain long before I dreamed that I would have to pin my own hopes for an escape from persecution to this classic land of hospitality. But the quotation above was not written by one of the victims of Hitler's Gestapo—but by Kossuth, the victim of the invaders of Hungary and the dictatorial regime of the Emperor Francis Joseph. He addressed himself to Lord Palmerston who had invited this great fighter for liberty to his own home. Then, a hundred years ago, London was just as much the refuge for all the thousands of persecuted Continentals as it is to-day. Prince Metternich himself, once the moving spirit of the Continental alliance of absolute monarchs, had to flee to England, sharing Britain's never failing sanctuary with his foes, the Italian champions of a liberated Italy, with Bakunin, the Russian radical, with Karl Marx and many of the Germans of the 1848 revolution, the first to fight for German democracy. Persecution and oppression have always been ripe on the Continent—and there has been always an England to offer home and hope to the sufferers. Nor was there ever any lack of Englishmen like Lord Palmerston to champion the right causes. Whoever believes in humanity and the spirit of the Ten Commandments—the basis of any true religion—must agree with Kossuth's words. Everything else—intellectual culture, a high-grade civilisation, democracy—

we admire in Britain, is only the consequence of this basic principle which Britons all over the world observe so faithfully. This is what we Continentals admire. This is what I feel I am fighting for.

Stephen Kelényi is a young Hungarian student for whom the English landscape and the spirit of fair play epitomise Britain:

'. . . a green park where children and adults mutually respect each other's hobbies; a class-room where the students do not have to stand at attention when addressing the master; a sports-ground where the headmaster insists on carrying his own deck-chair; an examination hall where the examiners are eager to help the candidate to do his best—a great country where both the top boy and the less successful can find his home. . . . A home which is the castle of both the country squire and the factory worker, even though one is an Elizabethan mansion and the other a suburban semi-detached. . . . Their owners differ in many respects, but they seem not to have forgotten what elsewhere only fools and children dare to remember: that they are human beings. . . .'

Charoux is a well-known Austrian sculptor, a distinguished artist who has been a contributor to *World Review* on a previous occasion. His impressions of the meaning of Britain are both complimentary and critical.

Six years ago, in search of a new spiritual home, I discovered Britain. I came for a short holiday and stayed. Here I realised that I had lived in a prison for the first thirty-nine years of my life without knowing it. Since then Britain means to me. . . .

London, in all her moods, Chiswick Mall, Pall Mall, the City late in the afternoon; silent and self-conscious. . . . Cornwall with her trees blown by the wind into the folds of her soil. . . . Scotland's lonely lochs rippled by the wind, rich with the lovely smell of the sea or the mouldy tang of peat . . . and myriads of midgets. . . . Wales, where everyone seems to be a scholar or sometimes a circumspect liar. Beautiful Snowdonia. Caernarvon Bay. The village churches, sober like workshops and ugly like the devil. . . .

The people . . . steadfast and so kind. Slow in many things—in making friends, for instance—but how reliable when friends!

The trees, fruit and vegetables. The cattle and poultry. . . . The ghastly cooking which turns all these riches into dishes of many names but with one single taste. . . .

Poetry, literature, plays, 30,000 amateur dramatic societies. Inferior films. A crowded National Gallery and Royal Academy. Everybody saying 'I see' but very few who really do. Blindness to sculpture. Children's hour of the B.B.C. Bricklayers working in stiff collar and necktie looking like Prime Ministers enjoying a hobby. . . .

The two months of my internment. The high sense of justice which restored my liberty. . . . The cradle of democracy . . . the fortress which fights for freedom . . .

Mr. E. B. Bjorkman is a Swedish business man, who also broadcasts sometimes to listeners in Sweden. His sober appreciation of Britain is that of identical political ideas.

Swedes who have lived for some time in Britain realise perhaps more fully than their compatriots at home how closely their own political conceptions correspond to those of the British. And by contrast, how utterly alien, indeed archaic, the idea of a Europe organised on Nazi principles appears. How unintelligent in all its arrogance this Nazi creed of racial superiority seems and how revolting its manifestations are—pillage, destruction, slaughter in ever-widening waves in pursuance of what is glibly called a 'new order'.

The Italian representative in our symposium is C. M. Franzero, former correspondent of the *Giornale d'Italia*, who elected to remain in this country when Italy entered the war, as he believed in the British cause. He speaks for the exiles who denounce the political systems of their unhappy countries:

A writer might fill a book and yet never express sufficiently the meaning of Britain. I have lived in this country twenty years. I was one of the many thousands who from every part of the Continent came to Britain to make a home: to find work, the encouragement to live, faith in myself which is the sweetest contentment of man's life. I found it in Britain; and even when life was hard, the comfort of England was there—a comfort that no other country in the world gives to a foreigner. It is in the air itself that one breathes in Britain: the subconscious realisation that one is a free man. It is the human touch which is important to me; it is the freedom which Britain gives me as a man and not as an exile that makes her so dear to me.

Greta Kivinen is a Finnish lady who has worked as translator and journalist in London for some years. She finds the meaning of Britain in the smoothness of her everyday life—among other things:

As soon as I set foot on these shores I told myself, 'This is a country after my own heart.'

Britain does not go out of her way to try to please you but treats you as an intelligent person free to find out all about her for yourself. This sense of freedom is, perhaps, the thing that appeals to me most as a Finn, for it is this freedom and the feeling of ease that it gives one that makes life worth living.

Everyday life, which is so crowded with trivial things, has been made bearable here. Everything gives one the impression of running smoothly.

To me it has always been a paradox to call the British a masculine nation simply because women do not appear to be so much in the forefront as in some other countries. For where are women safer and more independent than in Britain, and where can one find gentler and kinder spirit than here?

The spokesman of Russia is Eugene K. Iliyn, the well-known Russian playwright and novelist:

They say that Britain is a country of fog. But why does one breathe so freely here and why is the horizon so light?

They say the British are prejudiced against foreigners. But why did I find here so much sympathy for human beings, so much respect for their freedom, for justice and human thinking?

They say the British are dry and reserved. Why have I found here so many true and devoted friends?

Now I know what Britain means.

Our Chinese contributor is Hsiao Chi'en, Lecturer at the School of Oriental Studies, University of London, who finds the world of Britain a fine place for Chinese to live in:

Before I set foot in this country, Britain meant to me the proud conqueror of the Armada, the land of Shakespeare—and Manchester cotton yarn. After two years in wartime Britain, I am just beginning to know the British as a people. Let me tell you of an unusual picture I once saw against a commonplace background. It was at the junction of Tottenham Court Road and Charing Cross Road on an early summer morning. I was sitting on the upper deck of a No. 24 bus, waiting for the traffic lights to change. Around my bus were other buses, military lorries, motor-bikes and a mammoth furniture van, all impatient to go. In front of this imposing army of vehicles was a 'leader'—a lady in an invalid chair. From my perch I could only see her slightly unruly, silvery hair and her wrinkled hands. She had a bunch of tulips in her lap. At long last, when the light turned green, my bus did not move. No other vehicle moved. The lady calmly rolled her chair across the road towards Oxford Street. It was a pathetic scene, so symbolic of old age, but also solemn. This is the world a Chinese likes to live in, where humanity is placed above expediency, where the value of the individual is given due recognition. It is this spirit of toleration in Britain which is my deepest impression. In spite of all the factories and battleships people here are still individuals. Everything in Britain varies so much that I begin to regret my past efforts to master the 'standard accent of the English language' as well as to suspect the absoluteness of the Christian religion preached to us by British missionaries. To my amazement I found so many shades of belief in this country, ranging from the Oxford Group to the Ethical Church, let alone the free thinkers.

The American definition of 'What Britain Means to Me?' is short and pithy. Marcus A. Spencer is an eminent member of the 'American Outpost' in Britain:

The nation which first learned to govern itself; which trained our forefathers in their love of liberty and respect for law; which brought back to a cynical world to-day a much-needed example of

faith in Democracy,
courage in disaster,
perseverance against odds,

and the realisation of the one-ness of all mankind.

With its instinct for justice, its love of fair play, its hatred of war, its respect for religion, it incarnates exactly what my own country at its best also idealises.

May America, by speedily joining the British Commonwealth of Nations in all the blood and tears as well as the toil and sweat, find also her finest hour.

His Excellency Baron de Cartier de Marchienne has represented his country here for many years. It is only fitting that he should represent Belgium in our symposium:

Britain means everything to us Belgians because Britain traditionally is the land of liberty, where liberty is loved and law is honoured. You love liberty—so do we—freedom of speech, freedom of thought,

freedom of worship. Your standards of thought are our standards, and our minds work in the same groove as yours do. I cannot give a better proof of this similarity of tastes and thoughts than the slow but steady and sure development of civic activities in Flemish and Walloon towns where the Guild Halls in Bruges, Ghent and Mons were built about the same time as those of London and Winchester. The University of Louvain was founded shortly after your Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and ever since the Middle Ages active commercial relations have been established between your shores and ours; the development of our woollen weaving industry was entirely due to the staple which your merchants were able to collect in Wales and the West Country and ship thence to the looms at Ghent, Courtrai and Ypres.

Another point which shows where our sympathies lie—ever since the dawn of history, Belgians and British have never fought against each other, but many a time have they fought side by side. And, too, your political exiles—when forced to leave these shores—were always sure of a warm welcome in our Belgian cities as, for instance, Charles II, at Bruges, and the great Duke of Marlborough at Antwerp.

That old feeling of friendship which had such deep roots in the last war, when Great Britain opened her arms to the Belgian refugees and allowed so many of them to find new homes and hearts here—is flourishing anew, and it warms my heart to see the friendly reception given everywhere to the Belgian volunteers who—in spite of the greatest difficulties—come over here to rejoin our Colours, in the hope that the day is not far distant when—thanks to the united efforts of the Allies—Belgium and the other countries temporarily occupied by our common enemy, will be freed from the foreign yoke. Under the guidance of King Leopold we shall once again take up then our onward march in the path of civilisation, 'in freedom from fear and want.'

Of course, not *all* opinion is laudatory, and Rudolph Dunbar, London representative of the most important negro newspapers in the U.S.A., voices the views of a great many coloured people when he says:

The general conditions under which Negroes live, either as a national (racial) group or as a class, form one of the most degrading spectacles of civilisation. For centuries my forefathers have given their sweat, blood, tears and toil to dig out of the soil a vast wealth which they never enjoyed. So what does Britain mean to me?

Two more Scandinavian contributors to our symposium emphasise Britain's role in the restoration of European liberty. Miss Christine Hansen is a Dane whose work lies in broadcasting:

One of the few places left in the world, where one can still live among civilised beings, and where one is allowed to be true to oneself and one's convictions.

A State in order, based on justice and common sense, and a country where I, as a woman, am acknowledged as a reasoning creature, with a right to do with my life what I want. Where a woman, if she has abilities and brains, can work her way to the top, and where she knows that the man who marries her does so, not only because she is an Aryan, of health A.1 and a good breeder, and where her children are her own, and not raw material for the State.

In short, England represents to me to-day the only kind of State where women of dignity and self-respect would want to live.

And then England is the only hope for the survival of Denmark, and it has given me the chance to get my own back on the people who once again have violated my country, and against whom my parents fought, and their parents.

The items of the indictment are many, but we know that England is a good Chief Justice.

Prof. Jacob S. Worm-Müller is the eminent Norwegian historian and liberal politician who stayed in Norway for six months after the German invasion, trying to help his people and then escaped to this country:

A famous Norwegian poet once wrote of England:

'Freedom has its stronghold found
'Mid the ocean surges'

This expresses what Great Britain, the country of the Magna Carta, means to most Norwegians. Even in wartime Great Britain has, as far as possible, respected the freedom of the individual and the freedom of speech. This represents one of the important features of the democracy we are fighting for: the right of a minority to exist and to voice its opinions. The existence of the possibility of free public discussions means the possibility of a direct appeal to the British people, and in this lies the strength of Great Britain. Therefore even when Great Britain has, in our opinion, acted wrongly, as, for instance, in the Boer War, there has always been a strong minority who stood up for what they considered to be right, and we have seen this minority later transformed into a majority, which

was then able to tackle and remove these wrongs. It is for this reason that we have confidence in England, and believe that she stands for fair play and the rights of humanity. The non-existence of any equivalent in German for the words 'gentlemen's agreement' is significant of the essential difference between Germany and Great Britain.

This respect for the minority—the right of all men to express their opinions freely—is responsible for the renowned British 'compromise', which consists not of bargaining but of negotiation and co-operation. This has made it possible to build up the great British Commonwealth of free nations which, whatever its shortcomings may be, is a model for mankind compared with the various attempts at Continental hegemony.

In the years following Hitler's accession to power, Great Britain's prestige was lowered and her policy with regard to Abyssinia, the Spanish Civil War and Munich was a disappointment.

It is, however, England's outstanding achievement that when everything collapsed, in June 1940, when France betrayed her great ideals, and it looked as if every way was open for Nazism, England stood firm as a rock. The Great Britain we had admired and dreamt about suddenly emerged again, in all her vigour and vitality.

In a few weeks Britain had regained the confidence of the world. Great Britain's fight during the summer and autumn of 1940 was the turning point of the war. It restored confidence and hope to the world, inspired America and transformed it into an arsenal of war, and strengthened the morale in the occupied countries, thus creating a real collective security, a union of nations fighting for common ideals.

Therefore, when Hitler attacked Russia he failed to split the world in two with his anti-Bolshevik campaign, because all the oppressed nationals realised immediately, thanks to Great Britain, that they had to fight together with Russia.

Hitler has lost everything because he has lost the confidence of mankind. We all agree with Winston Churchill that this is Great Britain's finest hour, because she is restoring to mankind its faith in the certain return of the dawn.

Let us end this symposium with the words of Miss Sanda Fratescu, a young Roumanian student for whom Britain means chiefly—happiness. Perhaps this collection of opinions has shown what the essence and basis of this happiness is.

It is because Britain means so much to me that I have come here to study. In my country a girl student is considered as a sort of intruder at a university, because girls are supposed either to remain at home or look for a husband.

Life in a Roumanian college is a hardening experience, even for male students. One seems to work in a continually humdrum atmosphere with more thought for public demonstrations, rows and even fights than for courses. The men seem to use more energy in making pornographic remarks about everyday events or political speeches than in solving scientific or literary problems. The women who dare to face university life are not exempted from these manifestations. It is because I had to take part in this kind of life that I lost enthusiasm for my studies, and despaired of the future.

When the opportunity came to choose between London and Paris Universities, I chose the first without hesitation. I knew from friends of mine that for a girl to live and study alone in Paris was a very difficult and risky matter. I am not a lover of life in cafés and bistros, nor do I appreciate the false Bohemian manners of the Quartier Latin, and I dislike the idea of enjoyments such as 'Le Bal Quatz' arts' or 'Le Bal de la Medicine'.

In London from early morning breakfast time to late evening after work I cannot stop feeling that my life is worth living. My boarding-house is one among hundreds in Bloomsbury, but it is a pleasure to live in it. Nobody mixes in one's affairs. Everything goes like clockwork. The breakfast is punctual and so are the newspaper and post deliveries. I cannot help enjoying every morning the calm and quiet reigning in the dining room. Men in tweeds, women in jumpers—all silently reading their papers or correspondence and eating their sausages or bacon and eggs—this is the thing that can only be seen in England—no shouting or futile excitement. No gossiping, or at least not too openly.

At college perfect relationship exists between men and women. In fact, they are on such good terms and get on so well together that I still wonder why there are sometimes women's silence rooms. The men students here know how to treat their female colleagues, both as fellow students and as women. They can be comrades without forgetting how to flirt. . . .

The courses are complete and specialised. Patience and friendliness are among the professors' main qualities. They seem to collaborate with their students, together forming a perfect team. I feel that there can be no happier life for a student.

This happiness is only part of what Britain means to me, and it makes me understand why more than ninety per cent of my compatriots never wanted to go back to their country after having taken their degrees here.

Man—The Anachronism

by EDWARD GLOVER, M.D.
Director of the London Clinic of Psycho-analysis.
Author of 'The Dangers of Being Human', 'Fear and Courage', etc.

A leading English psychologist discusses the current revolution in thought, and the reasons why we find the new 'topsy-turvydom' of science, art, thought and life so difficult and perhaps so alarming

WITH every advance in natural science the lot of the plain man becomes increasingly hard. Ready to admire, indeed anxious to be thrilled by new wonders, he returns from his scientific excursions with his common sense rather mangled and his dignity more than a little affronted. He has encountered concepts of time, space and matter that are reminiscent of the topsy-turvy laws discovered by Alice in the country through the Looking Glass. That stout-hearted little pragmatist, it will be recalled, was rather nonplussed to find some inhabitants running very fast in order to stay where they were and others crying out from the pain of cuts they had not yet received.

The would-be admirer of modern art and literature is in still worse case. However much he may hide his timidity behind the robust assertion that he knows what he likes, he may be completely baffled by, for example, the manifestations of surrealist art or poetry. Naturally enough he loses his temper. Too much intimidated to abuse the scientist, he vents his indignation on the artist or the poet, who in return either treat him with an olympian aloofness or appear to add insult to injury by offering him recondite interpretations of their work. It is a hard world. Science, art and common sense appear to be at loggerheads.

Now since in Britain, at any rate, the plain man is the ultimate source of social authority, it is a matter of urgency that these abrasions of his common sense should be healed. He should have restored to him the right to enjoy peeping through the fringes of the present at vistas of a new age. To begin with, it is some comfort to reflect that this clash between science and common sense is nothing new: also that if common sense errs it errs in good company. From ancient times common sense asserted that the sun went round the earth, and successive generations of 'modern' scientists supported this error on the Ptolemaic theory. The revolutionary assertions of Copernicus and Galileo, which, with all due respect to Professor Bernal, were as rich in conceptual implications as modern researches on the material basis of inheritance in chromosomes, aroused in their time the opposition of scientists as well as of lay champions of common sense and of ecclesiastics. To this day the opposition of some natural scientists to discoveries concerning the nature of mind is stronger than that of many intelligent lay audiences. This is due not so much to the scientist's disapproval of psychological research methods as to the fact that modern psycho-analytical discoveries outrage the scientist's common sense.

Other things being equal, the man who takes kindly to novelty in the external world is likely to be annoyed by novelty in the internal world of his own mind. All of which goes to suggest that scientist, artist and plain man are alike subject to irrational reactions against the new, the strange and the incomprehensible. The anger they experience is due to unconscious fear; and the fear in its turn to the unconscious belief that whatever is new or strange is likewise hostile.

SAVAGES AND CHILDREN

Now this fear of a hostile outer world is part of that *animistic conception of the universe* which the civilised man shares with the savage. But it is very considerably inflated by any frustration of a hope adult man secretly shares with the infant. Each one of us likes to believe that he is the hub of a universe that will cater for his needs or, at any rate, that if he does not indeed control the universe, there are still friendly parental powers who will keep him safe in his familiar nest. Hence anything that disturbs man's snug view that he 'knows where he stands' is liable to send him into a rage. It was this need for certainty that was exploited with such skill by the Nazi authoritarians. After years of economic and spiritual uncertainty, it was some comfort to the Germans to think that they knew where they stood, even if, as events proved, they found themselves lying manacled.

The conflict between common sense and art is also nothing new. In their time the most innocent Impressionists moved their critics to frenzy and were accused of throwing pots of paint in the faces of the public. Some of these reactions were, no doubt, due to a deep-rooted objection to any apparent distortions of reality. Whatever deviates from the photographic, or appears to give the lie to the mirror, arouses man's secret fear of monstrosity. But the deepest cause of the estrangement is brought to light in current reactions to surrealist art. However the artist may manipulate external media of expression, the end-product is bound to reflect his own mental interests, patterns and laws. In a sense it is true to say that whatever man creates must be after his own image. Even the negative or destructive orgies of war bear the unmistakable imprint of infantile and adolescent mental function. The apparent incomprehensibility of many art forms is only a reflection of the apparent illogicality of man's deeper mental processes: that they should outrage common sense is only a proof that man's unconscious activities are liable to outrage the more disciplined parts of his own mind. It is one of man's oldest tricks to disapprove of anything that threatens to disclose his own secret preoccupations. And since, as E. H. Ramsden rightly claims, some forms of surrealist art derive from man's 'subconscious', it is not surprising that they should arouse discomfort in those who have little or no feeling for unconscious symbolism. This does not mean that the criticism of the plain man is entirely without justification. The surrealist's ascription of special virtue to his images is largely a form of preciosity. Even the scientist is sometimes guilty in this respect. He tends to talk of 'modern science' as if it were an external force, instead of being a mental instrument which can subserve the instinctual urges of mankind. No doubt this quasi-religious attitude to science is harmless enough, so long as it does not obscure the fact that man's urges can be destructive as well as creative or conservative. In the last resort the emotional clashes between science, the arts and common sense are derivatives of more volcanic conflicts that smoulder in the depths of man's mind.

By this time the reader may feel that however disconcerting the ideas of scientists and artists may be, they are not so peculiar as those of psychologists, or, at any rate, of those psychologists who accept the teachings of that great conservative and great revolutionary, Sigmund Freud. No doubt it is disconcerting, even annoying, to think that behind our much vaunted 'rational consciousness' there lies a vast and complicated mental apparatus concerning which we know next to nothing: that this apparatus is concerned with the regulation of powerful instincts of which we have little or no understanding; that much of its activity is archaic and irrational; and that if the apparatus is thrown out of gear this irrational function can make hay of our more civilised ideals and standards of behaviour. But the psychoanalyst at least can plead extenuating circumstances. Freud's discovery of 'the unconscious' and of the laws that regulate this region was a feat unsurpassed in the history of human endeavour. But these discoveries were in a sense by-products. They were made in the course of investigating the causes of mental suffering. Indeed, their manifold therapeutic applications have to some extent dwarfed their more profound social significance. By uncovering the series of passionate conflicts endured by the child in process of becoming a member of the family group, Freud had not only solved the riddles of adult neurosis and insanity but had at one stroke revealed the prehistoric origins of human civilisation. Within the first five years of life, the child recapitulates the history of man's mental development. In addition, Freud had laid a solid foundation for research into the structure of the larger groups, national or cultural, which have developed out of the family system. *Above all he had shown that there can be no prospect of guiding the future development of nations until we realise that at present their destinies are shaped, regulated and, to a large extent, hampered by unconscious mental mechanisms which, although they served to lead mankind out of a bestial state, have lost some of their applicability to modern life.* We now know, for example, that in human wars two of the three ultimate determinants are unconscious, viz. the persistence from childhood of explosive compounds of family hate and love and the unconscious transfer to larger social groups of reactions and mechanisms which are only appropriate to childhood.

DISINTEGRATION

Here we stumble over the last and most realistic factor in man's present state of disgruntlement about the future. He has every reason to be disgruntled, anxious and nonplussed by current events. *His familiar social organisation threatens to come to pieces in his hands.* It is once again in a process of violent transition which might indeed be called a preamble to revolution. For though man, the individual, has not changed much since the Stone Age and can be depended upon to produce the same old family reactions century after century, the social groups in which he exists have shown a process of alternate expansion and upheaval. No doubt many of the expansions are rendered inevitable by altered economic conditions, and to that extent are reasonable enough. But economic changes may develop so rapidly and on so gigantic a scale that man reacts more like a frightened rabbit than a reasonable creature. He opposes every new upheaval with all the obscurantist tricks he has practised since the dawn of history. And so he lands himself from time to time in wars that not only reduce civilisation to a contradiction in terms, but accelerate the processes of social disintegration he had hoped to arrest. Here we can study in

action the disadvantages of an unconscious mechanism technically described as *displacement*, i.e. the unconscious transfer of infantile loves and hates from an original family figure to persons outside the family, to groups, to ideas and even to inanimate objects or representations, such as swastikas. Granted that this mechanism has contributed materially to the range of man's mind and so to the spread of civilisation, it must be admitted that its automatic application to group affairs is fraught with danger. When groups are apparently stable and familiar, as in occasional half-centuries of peace, displacement works comparatively well. The Englishman can love his England as he once loved his family group and yet tolerate the existence of other nations. In short, he can establish checks on his primitive hates and fears. But when groups change, and he has to transfer his allegiances to new and more ponderous forms of society, the situation is perilous. Primitive tribes have been known to go to the wall under the sudden and stunning impact of a more complicated civilisation. To be off with the old love and straightway on with the new is even less feasible in social affairs than in personal relationships. After a broken love man tends to go to seed, to regress to more primitive levels in which insecurity and fear may be activated and hate unbridled. The situation may be compared to the transfer of high explosives from one wagon to another. In the process of transition the fuses may become unscrewed with all the risks of immediate explosion. It is true that a new group of continental dimensions may appeal to our ideals of universal brotherhood; but it may equally provoke the hostility with which the average man would greet the appearance of a rhinoceros squatting in his front garden. The moral is clear. *No group ideal can hope to capture the free allegiances of mankind which does not at the same time preserve the cultural heritage of the family and eliminate its primitive hatreds and despotisms.*

THE NEW ORDER?

But there is a certain rough justice about the interaction of unconscious mechanisms. Although they may obstruct the utopias of the enlightened, they can also defeat the schemes of the most confirmed despot. When the Nazis boasted that their New Order would endure two thousand years, they thereby confessed their first premonitions of defeat. So much is obvious. But they did not realise that, by their revival of the more savage features of tribal government they were invoking an unconscious reaction which, though slow in operation, is almost as certain to follow the appropriate stimulus as a knee jerk to follow the tap of a reflex-hammer. Once upon a time the unconscious *conflict of the generations* was conscious enough and took forms which periodically disrupted the family. Down even to historic times the fight between the old and the young was waged unceasingly with tooth, claw and sacrificial knife; and to this day it is re-animated in each one of us as we struggle through infancy to adolescence. But though its primitive jealousies and hatreds are now submerged and held in check by moral impulses derived from family love, this conflict still retains much of its original ferocity at an unconscious level. Even now the antagonism filters through and is responsible for the thousand and one forms of sowing wild oats adopted by the younger generation. For that matter it can be held responsible for our reactions to brass hats. But its most significant forms are not those concerned with personal antagonisms, rebellions and usurpations of authority. The conflict can be displaced to the realm of ideas,

producing, for example, swings of the pendulum in politics, art and literature. In many instances the swing from revolution to counter-revolution may cover thirty to fifty years. But sooner or later the conflict of the generations performs its most useful, if unwitting, service in modifying those revolutionary or reactionary changes which threaten the solidarity or safety of mankind. Once the more strident children of the revolution or the more incurable despots have themselves produced a new generation, they have thereby submitted the excesses of their political systems to a millstone that will grind no less thoroughly because it operates through the minds of their own offspring. It is a wasteful method admittedly, slow and capricious in action and motivated by hates and jealousies that were better dead. But until we are able to regulate changes by more objective or scientific criteria, it provides a rough alternation of phases from which if we take a long enough view a balance of continuity may be struck.

PAST INTO FUTURE

In short, if we would speculate usefully about the future, we must realise to what extent it is predestined by our unconscious past. The most vital problem of human development is, now as heretofore, how to tame and transmute those primitive instincts which if left unmodified and unsatisfied act as a hindrance to rational adaptation. Let us consider one more example. All stable societies depend on the consolidation of social friendship between men, with or without a personal leader. But this is to some extent bound up with a primitive system of segregation of the sexes. The segregation is secretly motivated by ancient fears and was originally maintained by primitive taboos, some of which can be studied in the Book of Leviticus. It is interesting to reflect that the English Public School system is derived from the 'youth movements' of savage tribes and that the 'dormy-house' of the local golf club is the lineal descendant of the male 'community-huts' still to be found in the Malay Archipelago. But in modern times there is a heavier price to be paid for irrational jealousy, antagonism and segregation; for instance, the almost hypnotic suggestibility of masses, particularly of young males, their susceptibility to reactionary forms of propaganda and their tendency to pseudo-religious Führer-worship. Last, but by no means least, we must realise that masculine solidarity can lend terrific force to man's periodic orgies of destruction. But for it every army in Europe would disband itself to-morrow. Here is the kernel problem with which everyone who studies the unconscious mind is faced: how to modify the ancient canalisations of human impulse so that man's primitive and almost inexhaustible energies can be of service to him without awakening reactions that will inevitably plunge him into unreason. And here modern psychology makes its most vital contribution to the study of destiny. Man is not only an anxious animal but, by reason of his family history, a guilty animal. His hidden sense of sin depresses him, his internal grievances drive him into imagined states of persecution. In his need he may seek elation through illusion; he may fight at a moment's provocation or mortify the flesh. But however he turns he cannot escape. His development of the faculty of memory which distinguishes him from other animals ties him to an internal world of phantasy having little to do with the realities of his adult existence. And so on occasions of stress he imprints on his environment the sign-manual of his own irrationality. The ultimate task of the

psychologist is to reduce man's unreal anxieties and unreal guilts to the point where he can effectively overcome his real fears and cope with his real social problems. The pessimist may say that this feat is beyond his compass. The incurable optimist may believe that he can work off his antagonisms on the football field. But the truth is that we do not know the answer—yet. It may be that a marginal reduction in man's unreal fears will be enough to turn the scale in favour of more rational adaptations. Already we do know at what point in our human development we have the greatest chance of success. Unreal anxiety and unreal guilt are the hobgoblins of childhood. If we can but exorcise these demons before they warp the child's growing reality sense, he may in later years withstand the stresses that now drive adult man to unreason. It is the real task of education, so to bring up the child from birth onwards, that he can emerge from his perilous stay in a world of infantile phantasy and emotion, with his reality sense adequately developed and his zest for real life unabated. But this requires from the educator not only patience, goodwill and understanding, but courage. Grown-ups may be physically stronger than children, but they are, nevertheless, secretly afraid of them or, rather, of their minds. From this point of view the most liberal modern education is still deplorably backward. Indeed, we cannot expect the educator to be effective until he realises his own anxieties. The new educator must, in short, be newly educated.

We can now offer a tentative answer to one of the questions propounded by Mr. Herbert Read in his opening article: Is there a pattern to be 'discerned in the interwoven fabric of our dreams and discoveries'? Or is it all just chaos? Much of our concern with 'pattern' has been stimulated by experience of the objective world, but the *desire* for pattern lies in our own hearts. That is why we are so disappointed when scientists, discovering a new pattern, appear to destroy the old familiar ones. If an electron behaves as a particle of substance on Mondays and Thursdays, and as an unsubstantial vibration on Tuesdays and Fridays, that is its nature. There is no real need to be shocked. In any case, the middle-aged lady seeking to reduce her waistline will not believe a word of it, and those who enjoy the disappearing tricks of conjurers will be thrilled to the marrow. Only those will be shocked who, suffering from inner anxiety and insecurity, imagine that their more familiar world is about to be stolen from them. As for 'chaos', this is a subjective rationalistic concept. We call the objective world 'topsy-turvy', not only when it is beyond our comprehension, but also when we wish to blame it for the 'chaos' of internal conflict existing in our own unconscious minds. The psychologist, examining this 'chaos', finds that even the irrational parts of our minds have a natural order and a complicated pattern. The more we understand the workings of this pattern the less we shall fear it. The less we fear it the more objectively we shall face the real problems of life.

Previous articles in this series:—June, 'Threshold of a New Age' by Herbert Read; July, 'Transformation in Science' by Professor J. D. Bernal, F.R.S.; August, 'Painting and Sculpture' by E. H. Ramsden; September, 'Life from a New Angle' by C. H. Waddington, Sc.D.; October, 'The New Groundwork of Architecture' by John Summerson; November, 'Matter, Form, Evolution and Us' by Dr. Joseph Needham, F.R.S. Back numbers, August, September, October and November 1s. 3d., June and July 1s. each, from any bookstall or direct from the publishers, Hulton Press, Ltd., 43/44, Shoe Lane, E.C.4

JOHN BULL — 229 not out

DR. JOHN ARBUTHNOT *was a friend of Pope and Swift—and also the man who wrote a 'History of John Bull'; the first to turn him into a human living figure*

By GEORGE WHITELAW

A special issue on Britain without an article on John Bull would be sadly incomplete. The famous cartoonist of the 'Daily Herald' proves in the following pages that he can write as brilliantly as he can draw

JOHN BULL *being fed revolutionary ideas by Sheridan and Fox* (Gillray, 1793)

LONG ago, in Kirkintilloch, Dumbartonshire, a wee boy used to climb two flights of stairs to a large, low-ceilinged attic. There he would remain for hours. Around the walls were shelves full of books, the overflow of his father's library. On the floor, jostling with empty trunks and rolled-up in rugs, were tied up bundles of the *British Medical Journal*, and other periodicals.

To the boy it was a paradise on every visit, for he found new and strange things to look at and to read. He came, one day, on a large book, an old volume of *Punch*, full of drawings. And so, for the first time, he saw John Bull.

JOHN BULL *in 1803*
(*Gillray*)

I was the boy; and that John Bull, by Tenniel, firing my ambition to draw, made a cartoonist of me. It is a small but good example of the countless ways in which the old gentleman has exercised his compelling influence on people in these islands since he was born in 1712.

His début was made in Dr. Arbuthnot's *History of John Bull* published in that year. The subject of that history was the 'Spanish Succession' during the reigns of Queen Anne and Louis XIV. John Bull's wife was Queen Anne, and his mother, the Church of England. He was described as an 'honest, plain-dealing fellow, choleric, bold, and of a very inconstant temper . . . apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him. If you flattered him, you might lead him as a child.' The history was popular, and became a best-seller of its day.

In 1728 Pope reprinted it, complete, in his *Miscellanies*, and in his *Key to the Lock* he said: 'If an honest believing nation is to be made a jest of, we have the story of John Bull and his wife.'

Rowlandson's
JOHN BULL
(*1808*)

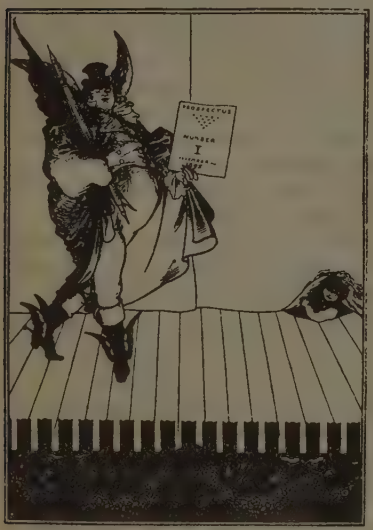
The identification of Bull with England was intensified by artists such as Woodward, Gillray, and the two Cruikshanks, in their satirical prints on political and social subjects. One of the Gillray cartoons, 'John Bull and the Sinking Fund, a Petty scheme for reducing Taxes and paying off the National Debt,' strikes a topical note. John Bull was to pay 17s. 6d. in the pound. On the other hand, the National Debt was then only £42,000,000.

References to him and his qualities became numerous in contemporary literature. Boswell in 'Tour to Hebrides' (1785) describes Dr. Johnson as 'at bottom much of a John Bull, much of a blunt, true-born Englishman.' Dickens in 'Barnaby Rudge' says: 'By some he was called . . . a thorough-bred Englishman, by some, a genuine John Bull.' And here is what Byron said: 'Here crash'd a sturdy oath of stout John Bull,' and in 'Juan', 'Roast beef in our rough John Bull way.'

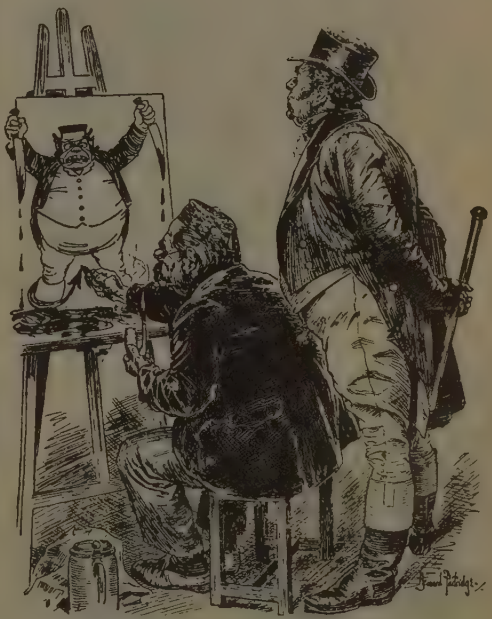
In 1841 came the first number of *Punch*, and it was not long before John Bull was 'gate-crashing' its cartoons. Artists in other papers, English and

DISRAELI: *'Better let me carry 'is bag for yer, Sir!'*
JOHN BULL: *'Never again, I tried you before!'*
(John Leech, 1860, with the kind permission of the Proprietors of 'Punch')

JOHN BULL *turns astronomer (Disraeli threatens Gladstone with eclipse). (Proctor 1868)*

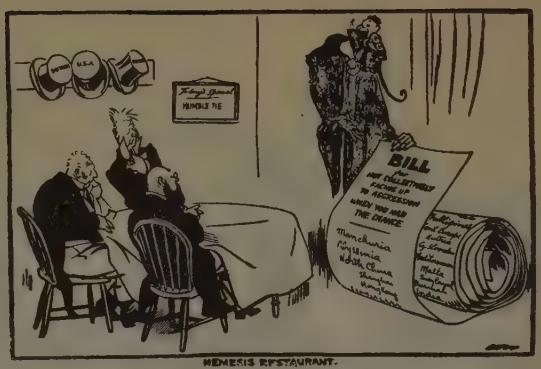


A STRANGE JOHN BULL—*Aubrey Beardsley's, which he designed in 1895 for the prospectus of the Savoy*



MR. BULL *(to the German artist): 'Here, hang it all, I'm not like that! There must be something wrong with those glasses of yours!'*
(Sir Bernard Partridge, 1901, with the kind permission of the Proprietors of 'Punch')

Strube has changed JOHN BULL *into the Little Man* (1935)



Low's JOHN BULL *is sadly flustered and slightly running to seed* (1937)

foreign, co-operated in spreading his fame, until he was known throughout the world. He was better than a slogan—probably the best propaganda any country has ever had. At one glance he portrayed all the characteristic qualities of the British people.

I do not know when Bull acquired the bulldog which so often accompanies him, but it was an inevitable addition. It certainly appears in Gillray. The bulldog's qualities are those associated with his master: 'absolutely fearless, slow to take offence, though he will fight to the death if attacked.'

Bull, who, at birth, typified England now, represented Great Britain, a fast-growing power, not always popular with every other country. In the many crises which occurred in our relations with other countries, Bull played his part in British propaganda, and was, of course, singled out by foreign artists for pictorial attack. Our Dr. Jekyll was very much their Mr. Hyde.

They grew expert in distorting his face and figure. His upper lip lengthened, his mouth and teeth became enormous, and his arms developed simian proportions.

During the Boer War the efforts of the French and German artists reached new heights of malice. *Punch* protested in an amusing cartoon which we reproduce. This interpretation of Bull by Sir Bernard Partridge is one of the finest I have seen. But observe the comfortable stoutness of the German artist, drawn long before the revelation of the Hun in the last war, and the Nazi bestiality of the present conflict.

John Bull was now a household word. A weekly paper, named after him, and embodying his virtues, was launched in 1903, edited by Arthur à Beckett. It was somewhat reminiscent of *Punch*. Cartoons were by Harry Furniss, and among its contributors were Hilaire Belloc, Frank Reynolds, Starr Wood, Sir Gilbert Parker and Max Beerbohm in amazingly modern caricatures. To-day, in a changed

JOHN BULL *on the hunt for the German pocket battleships.* ('*Paris Soir*', *April* 1940)

JOHN BULL *staggers under the load of his 'useless' colonies. (Das Schwarze Korps, 1939)*

JOHN BULL *in the Mediterranean: 'Look out, John Bull, if you blow yourself up too much, you will probably burst'*
(Der Angriff, Dr. Goebbels' paper, May 1939)

form, it carries on with huge success, boosting the spirit of Britain and exposing meanness and fraud.

John Bull, indeed, had no rival up to the end of the last war.

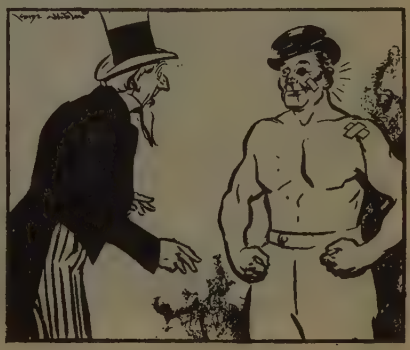
In the period that followed, other figures began to appear in our daily press. There were Poy's John Citizen, Strube's Little Man, Low's John Bull, and the Mr. Citizen, You, Mr. Everyman, etc., of other artists. In contrast to the squire-like figure of John Bull, they represented the man-in-the-street, the ordinary bloke, the spirit of youth or modernity.

Only my friend Strube's Little Man survives with distinction. The Little Man is a big man these days. He is doing a job of work in the Home Guard, Auxiliary Fire Service, munitions, or fire-watching, and he is doing it well. His praises have been sung many times in Strube's genial way, in the last two years.

Despite this challenge, however, John Bull remains supreme and, in times of national emergency, he is always called on. And why not? He changes with the period; being, in one century, a reactionary, and, in the next, a forward-moving progressive. It is not the cartoonists who change him to suit their own purposes. He rules the cartoonists, because he is the voice of Britain—the soul of Britain which they are endeavouring to interpret.

Often I have tried to force John Bull into a situation which he didn't like. He won't go. His bull-dog growls. I have to tear up the sketch, and use another character. Sometimes, annoyed by his obduracy, I vow never to invite him into a cartoon again. But it never works. Before long, there he is again. And there he always will be—a bit thinner, perhaps, a bit quieter, a lot wiser, but still John Bull, the ruler of British cartoonists.

Somehow, I don't think even Dr. Arbuthnot really created this friendly Frankenstein monster. As I see it, the Doctor was writing away at his history, when John Bull, quietly but firmly intruded, taking the whole thing over.



And here, from the great days of 'the Battle of Britain', is George Whitelaw's own JOHN BULL, *who says to Uncle Sam: 'Yes, but wait until you see the other fellow!'*

The English – how they have Changed

by Professor C. E. M. JOAD

Professor Joad, recently of Brains Trust fame, is concerned in his brilliant article with the social, moral and religious changes in the British, who, for the moment, are the guardians of the heritage of European civilisation. He has no doubts that the 'seeds of a spiritual revival are germinating' in the British mind

I PROPOSE to begin by reciting some of the smaller changes that have come to the England that we knew before the war, in the hope of gradually enlarging their scope, until it embraces the spiritual outlook of a generation.

First, then, the English are fewer. I don't mean by 'fewer' merely that between fifty and sixty thousand of them have been killed in air-raids at home and an uncounted number by enemy action abroad. I mean also that on an average ten thousand of them a year are being killed on the roads by the cars of their own civilians and the lorries of their own army. This annual figure, one-fifth of the total number of air-raid fatalities, is even more significant, for, unlike them, it is a continuing figure—even in peacetime it was over six thousand—and its effect is to make us increasingly aware of the unplanned higgledy-piggledy that was pre-war England. What a muddle, as we are now coming to see, it was. The towns sprawled unchecked over the countryside; the roads, along which cars hurled themselves and pedestrians to destruction, ran between continuous ribbons of pink villas; the neglected countryside was regarded as a mere playground of the towns. And how horrible the towns were! The extent and the squalor of our slums only really came home to us when Hitler began to knock them down. The English have a genius for making the most of their defects and turning their misfortunes into assets. It is almost as if we had said: 'We didn't really bother to do away with the slums because we knew that Hitler would do away with them for us.' At any rate, an increasing number of us are beginning to realise that while we have the most beautiful countryside, we have also the ugliest towns of any people in the world; and with that realisation, comes an increasing disposition to prefer the former to the latter.

To the formation of this disposition four factors have contributed. First, a large number of firms which moved into the country in fear of the blitz have found the amenities greater, the disabilities fewer, than they had anticipated. They cannot, their directors are heard to say, understand how they could ever have endured their daily work in those cramped offices amid the racket of city

streets sandwiched between the appalling difficulties of morning transport from, and evening transport to, the suburbs. All that they ask is an efficient telephone service and, they aver, they will never again return to London.

Secondly, a whole generation of young towns-children, the generation of the evacuees, is growing up in the country. They are healthier and, many of them, happier than ever they were in the towns. Why, then, should they return to the towns?

Thirdly, there is a new realisation of the importance of farming as the only satisfactory basis even for a predominantly urban community. People are coming to realise how precariously poised was our pre-war society, dependent for two-thirds of its maintenance on food from abroad. Hence arises a new consciousness of the importance of the English countryside and a determination that English farming shall not again be allowed to lapse into its pre-war neglect.

The change so far recorded is utilitarian, but there is a change of the spirit as well as of the stomach. 'It is only since I started coming every week-end into the country to see the kids,' said the father of an evacuated family, 'that I realised what the country means to me. Realised, too, at what a cost we have all been living, cut off from the things that matter.'

Fourthly, there is a new restlessness among the young men in the army which expresses itself in a dissatisfaction with the old life of factory and tram or office and suburban train, and a determination not at any price to go back to it. How lonely seems the life of the suburbs to the young man who compares it with the new-found comradeship of his fellows in the army hut; and if lonely for the young man, how much more lonely for the unoccupied suburban wife!

If there is to be a living countryside after the war we must plan to get it, and to keep it when we have got it, restraining the profit-seeking depredations of the private builder, prescribing a limit to the spread of our towns, surrounding them with green belts and open spaces, siting the location of our factories with the object of compelling our towns to remain towns and our country, country, instead of allowing both to merge, as they did before the war, in a vast sprawling suburb that threatened to stretch amorphously from London to the coast.

Planning for the post-war world has crept into the climate of our times and is likely to stay there. For example, we have realised that we must plan our educational system. Here once again we are helped by our apparent knack of turning our disabilities into assets. The public schools, having prospered for well over a century, now find themselves in difficulties owing to the impoverishment of the class from which they draw their clientele. A disability? Not in the least; for the English have chosen precisely this moment to discover that their development has hitherto been prejudiced by a double system of education, a system which, by producing a semi-feudal caste, has set its seal upon a grave social iniquity. This iniquity the English have decided must now stop. Throughout our history we have been, as Disraeli pointed out, not one nation but two: the educated and, therefore, the privileged few, and the unprivileged, because uneducated, many. Since the war started, we have been repeatedly told that 'We are all in it together'. We believe this; in fact, it is true. Very well, then, we are increasingly loth to retain an educational system under which eighty per cent of

us leave school at the age of fourteen, while the remaining 20 per cent continue to receive education until they are eighteen or twenty, the 'higher' education of the twenty per cent being dependent not upon their ability to profit by it or to render service to the community because of it, but upon the size of their parents' bank balances. Thus the conviction that there is something profoundly wrong with our educational system, and that it must be transformed from a double into a single system, a system which is the same for all of us, is one of the most important changes which the war has sponsored.

The determination to plan extends to wider horizons. For it is not only post-war England that, we see, must be planned, but the post-war world. The English, in a word, have become world-conscious. Now world-consciousness means at the moment a willingness to assume the rôle of world leadership. The change here is symbolised by the Conference of the British Association which met last autumn in London, at which the scientists of some two dozen countries attended a meeting held in our war-scarred capital to discuss the contributions which science can make to the planning of the world after the war. This conference of scientists was preceded by an international meeting of the P.E.N. Club and succeeded by an International Youth Rally at the Albert Hall. These gatherings are significant, significant of the realisation on the part of powerful sections of the community, of scientists, of literary men, of contemporary youth, that if Europe after the war is not to dissolve into chaos, the British must play a leading part in its reconstruction. For the moment we are the guardians of the heritage of European civilisation. History has laid upon us the duty of preserving it and handing it back unimpaired to the nations of Europe when the flood of contemporary barbarism has ebbed. On the whole, we are willing to assume this duty with which history has charged us. Yet how different is this willingness from the pre-war mood of isolation, the mood which generated the Ottawa agreements, which expressed itself in the campaign for Empire Free Trade and the refusal to take sanctions against Italy—the mood, in a word, which was responsible for the wrecking of the League.

Perhaps the most important of the problems which have pushed this country beyond the boundaries of its pre-war national and imperial parochialism is that of post-war government. How, we are all asking, is war to be avoided in the future? There is forming among us an increasing consensus of opinion which insists that the answer to this question can be found only in some form of international government. If one presses the question and asks 'In what form?' the answer which wins the greatest measure of agreement is 'In some form of Federalism'.

The early months of the war saw an extraordinary boom in Federal Union stock. Up and down the length of the country, speakers spoke to enthusiastic meetings on the necessity for curtailing national sovereignty, and handing over the functions of Foreign Office, War Office, Admiralty and Air Ministry to a Federal Authority under which all the forces of the nations entering into the Federal Union would be pooled. The effect of those early months of enthusiastic propaganda is likely to be permanent. Proposals for Federation are in the air, and no politically-awakened Englishman will ever again be able to think solely in terms of national interests, national needs, and a purely national

future. Our generation is in travail with the super-national State and it has fallen to the English to be the midwives of its deliverance.

This is only one expression of the renewed realisation of the importance of political goods among a generation which has hitherto laid undue stress upon economics. For this renewed realisation the Nazis are responsible. It was customary in the years before the war, especially among those of us on the Left, to decry political goods in favour of economic. What, we have been accustomed to ask, is the value of a free tongue and an empty stomach? The answer, as we are beginning to realise, is that both are valuable and of supreme value. But we are also, I suggest, coming to realise something else, something whose full significance we had not previously realised, and that is that the empty stomach—and I use the phrase as a symbol of unemployment, sweated labour, insufficient wages, and the thousand-and-one vices of competitive capitalism which is prepared to throw a man to starve on the industrial scrapheap, so soon as it sees no profit in his employment—can never be adequately filled, unless there be first political liberty. Except we have a free society, and I should add, a socialist society, the problem of poverty will not be solved. But how are we to achieve a socialist society, unless we have first the political freedom which will enable us to work for it? It is in the realisation of this melancholy truth that, unless we have political liberty, the liberty to determine in the long run the nature of the society in which we shall live, the economic goods to which any generation has learnt to look forward can never be achieved, nor can the greatest change in the political consciousness of the workers be found.

Political liberty does not constitute the good life in itself, but unless it be granted, we cannot achieve those other goods; for example, social and economic justice, which make up its full contents.

One final change: perhaps the most important. There is a renewed interest in questions of religion and philosophy touching the nature of the universe and the status and destiny of man within it. Inevitably when a man's spirit is troubled his thoughts turn to fundamental questions. How, he wants to know, is the mass suffering and wickedness of the world compatible with its government by an Almigh y and Benevolent Being? Did God will the War? Did He create Hitler? That a realisation of the fact and prevalence of evil and suffering in the world should bring a revival of man's interest in religion is understandable. What is surprising is that it should renew belief. Yet there is in many Englishmen to-day, and especially in young people newly come to maturity, a renewed interest in the religious view of the world and a disposition to examine afresh in the light of it the traditional answers to fundamental questions which Christianity has provided, but which most of us have for a generation ignored or derided. Supposing, for example, that the war is the result neither of inept politicians, nor of an out-of-date capitalist system, but of the wickedness in the heart of man? Suppose that it is a punishment for that wickedness?

The renewed interest in these questions has not yet succeeded in filling the churches. It may be doubted whether it ever will. The new wine which is now fermenting may refuse to pour itself into the old bottles, but that the seeds of a spiritual revival are germinating in the minds of the people of this country I for one do not doubt.

The Spirit of the Countryside

What is the attitude of the countryside of Britain towards the war and the coming Peace? Four famous writers explore this spirit and show both the changes and the fundamental firmness of the United Kingdom's mental attitude

England: by A. G. Street

HONESTY compels the admission, or should it be confession? that in the beginning the attitude of the countryside towards war conditions was one of resentment. After twenty years of neglect by the nation country people were suddenly asked to do all sorts of queer things —to upset their main business, and to farm as the war needs of the town dictated; to upset their homes by taking in town evacuees; to see good farming land used for camps and aerodromes; and to accept many other sudden changes, all designed mainly for the benefit of those whom they considered responsible for the continual betrayal of England's land and England's country people.

'Why should we?' they asked each other. 'We're tired of being a convenience of the towns. During peace the town uses the countryside for two purposes—in good times a free playground, in bad times a dumping ground for town unemployed. And now, apparently, it's to be used as a defence against famine and a haven of refuge. Bah! The town never comes to the countryside unless it wants something. The town is all take and no give. Why should we row in?'

That attitude held sway for a month or two, but lost force steadily as it became more and more evident that this war was to be neither an easy nor a short one, rapidly faded when France collapsed, and vanished altogether when the night bombing began. Indeed, after Dunkirk the countryside realised that this war was an all-in party, and that England's towns and England's countryside must stand or fall together.

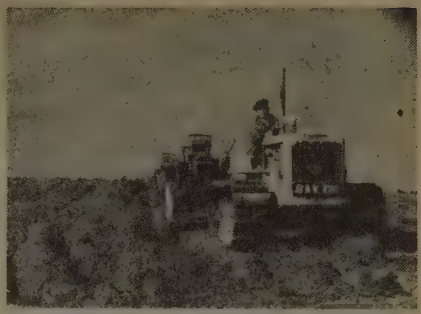
During the second war winter; then, the countryside was fighting wholeheartedly. Being adaptable, its people had become accustomed to strangers in their homes, to villages changed out of all knowledge, to soldiers here, there, and everywhere, and to a sky filled with the drone of planes, often enemy ones. Here the age-old stability and pride of farming helped tremendously. These new things of war would pass, even towns were but jumped-up man-made things, and the presence of strangers in the home could be only temporary, when judged against the stability of land and farming. Men come and go, wars begin and end, but land stays put, and must always be farmed.

When the call came for a local defence force, the countryside welcomed it. If towns should be bombed, new towns could be built; but England's countryside should never be befouled with impunity by the foot of the invader and the filth of modern war. So the countryside farmed by day, provided safe shelter for thousands of town evacuees both day and night, tried to learn soldiering in the evenings, and kept watch and ward on the hills between dusk and dawn.

But its main job was farming, an industry that compels those engaged in it to fight unceasingly against the forces and whims of nature. On that score its people could claim something in common with the Air Force, and much in common with the Navy, for was not England's farming now fighting at least half the Battle of the Atlantic? But with this difference—the countryside was fighting, not with weapons of death but with the weapons of life. Most country people realised this the more, when they travelled home after a visit to a bombed town. As the houses gave place to countryside they discovered anew the wholesomeness of field and fallow, yet sensed the vigour and defiance of a land fighting for its people.

Possibly one thing that helped the farming community to tackle their many and difficult wartime problems was the knowledge that once again they and their work mattered. After a succession of years when even a record harvest was unwanted by the nation, and when those who had produced it had almost to beg someone to buy it at a heartbreak price, it was a pleasant change to be implored to produce as much as possible. That and the common danger set farming going at full speed.

If youth was game to face the dangers in the air overhead, middle-age was only too willing to toil in comparative safety on the fields below, and moreover to continue toiling even when the war actually visited the scene of their labours. For instance, in the spring of 1941, a journalist asked a bewhiskered old countryman, whose job it was to feed a threshing machine not many miles from Dover during the worst of the air-battles, 'And where were you when these bullets hit the machine?' 'Up in the feed hole, why where d'ye think I'd be?' came the reply.



'. . . one thing that helped the farmer . . . to tackle . . . wartime problems was the knowledge that . . . he and his work mattered . . .' (The reclaiming of waste-land. From an M.O.I. film)

Sport, save for pot-shooting, finished, hunters were taught to wear a collar, and to plod slowly over the fields over which they had been accustomed to gallop. One such was named Jorrocks, a good old heavyweight, and here is an extract from a poem in praise of his war work:

Poor's Gorse lies still this morning,
and there comes no Tally-Ho
From the mist that hangs in patches
on the down,
But something in Ten Acre moves
already to and fro,
And the green field's melting slowly
into brown.

The sun breaks through the grey sky
and the strips of dark earth meet,
Jorrocks plods on steadily—ploughing
up for wheat.

The day wears on to evening and
some heavy drops of rain
Fall fast upon the newly turned-up
ground,
Men and horses finish and start slowly
down the lane,
By Holt and Barner's thicket, home-
ward bound.

Jorrocks in his blinkers scarcely sees
them on ahead—
In front of him the carter's coat has
changed to pink instead.

Those lines surely contain the real attitude of England's countryside to this war. Which is that it is the countryside's duty to give up its pleasures and to work long hours in lonely fields, toil unrelieved by the glamour of uniform, the noise of publicity, or high wages, but toil performed in the certain faith that the land properly used will never let its users down.

What is the countryside's attitude towards peace? The huge business of the countryside, still the fourth largest in Britain, is divided into small units, mostly one-man businesses, a state of things that breeds individualists. The work of those little businesses is unremitting, week-days and Sundays, a continuous struggle against nature. That is why so many of the town evacuees marvel aloud at the long hours and hard work of almost everybody in the countryside.

Still, even if their occupation gives them little time to think of other things and little contact with minds interested in other things, there is no doubt that all countryfolk are determined upon three things. The first is that never again must human beings be forced to live in fear of war. The second is that prosperity for the countryside shall be based, not on beastly things like war and famine, but upon decent things such as peace and plenty. The third thing is that the farm worker shall be paid on terms of equality with his town counterpart. If the only way to achieve these things is to nationalise the land, there is a growing feeling amongst individualistic countryfolk that it will be worth while.

For the rest the countryside is content to carry on, realising that to-day they also serve who only work and wait.

Scotland: by Sir Patrick Dollan

Scotland's contribution to the war effort is the subject of Sir Patrick Dollan, the distinguished former Lord Provost of Glasgow, who says that Scotsmen have no illusions about the price of victory, but are fully prepared to pay it

SCOTLAND'S contribution to the war effort is in keeping with its historic pioneering of Democracy, and its fervour for the amendment and retention of democratic principles and practice. Dictators have not been popular in Scotland, whether in Government, industry, religion or other sphere. The Scots can be persuaded and led, but will not be driven or bullied.

They were anti-Nazi and anti-Fascist long before it became popular in London

to denounce Hitler and Mussolini. It is more than ten years since some of us in public life refused to participate in a delegation to Italy, as a protest against the barbarous methods of Mussolini. That was the beginning of the World revolt against a maniac who was camouflaged as a genius. A similar protest was made when Hitler stole and murdered his way to power in Germany.

The Scots are determined to continue the war until Dictatorship is defeated. I have never known public opinion so united as at present. All ranks and all creeds are agreed there can be no freedom in Scotland or elsewhere if Hitler and Mussolini are allowed to continue in power. The despotism for which the tyrants stand is hated instinctively by every Scot.

The land which produced William Wallace, John Knox, Thomas Muir, Robert Burns, Thomas Carlyle, Adam Smith and other champions of personal and social liberty has no sympathy with Dictators or their like.

Scotland appreciates its place in the British Empire. The Union with the larger Empire, based on mutual consent, has developed into an association of understanding co-operation. The British Empire as we see it in Scotland is a model of Federal organisation, in which citizens practise freedom because they believe in freedom for its own sake.

If Scotland had been an independent state when the war began, it might not be enjoying freedom to-day. It might have suffered the same fate as the Scandinavian countries shackled by Hitlerism. Scotland was strengthened by Empire support and as such was too strong for the German invader to attack in force.

The resources of the Empire have also maintained a higher standard of living in Scotland than anywhere else in Europe. An independent Scotland in the sense desired by a few idealistic Nationalists, even if it had not been attacked by the enemy, would have suffered severely from the lack of supplies.

Scotland, in this respect, would have been worse off than Eire. Its industries would have languished. Its financial and economic services would have collapsed.

Scotland is an integral part of the Empire, which to function properly must be regarded by all its parts as a united and indivisible organism. The Scots feel better, spiritually, morally and industrially, taking part in the war, than they would if they were following a policy of benevolent neutrality. Belligerency suits us when we are opposed to Dictators.

The entire country is linked up with the war effort. Industry is operating day and night. The Sabbath is just as much a working day as Wednesday, if Sunday labour is needed for the prosecution of the war. Customs and conventions have gone by the board. The fellowship of co-operation in industry has replaced enmity between the employer and the employee. Both realise they must work together to achieve success. Rationing, black-out and other wartime regulations are accepted cheerfully.

Social services have been maintained. There is no evidence that the frugality of war has affected the health of adults or children. The most serious casualty has been the restriction of education because of the adaptation of schools into civil defence posts. This is gradually being remedied.

The children are intensely patriotic. They were much more patriotic at the beginning of the war than many of their elders. There were some adults reluctant and complacent. They thought the war could never come to Scotland.

. . . nothing but sweat, blood and tears; the Scottish are willing to give all these. Here is the 'Queen Mary', pride of the Clyde, in the process of being built

That was when they imagined the war would be fought out in France and Poland. When these and other countries fell, their attitude changed. When invasion threatened Britain after the retreat from France, the majority of Pacifists and complacent elders became anxious to assist in protecting our shores against attack.

There is no agitation of importance for peace by negotiation or compromise with the Nazis and Fascists. All political parties, with the exception of the I.L.P., are united in the resolve to continue the war until Germany and Italy, as now governed, are defeated.

The I.L.P. is but a skeleton compared with the strong propaganda giant it was in the last war. It was then a great power for international peace and security. It had friends and collaborators in Germany, Austria and Russia. The I.L.P. has no friends in Germany or Austria now, and very few in Britain.

It is isolated as a small group, because the overwhelming majority of the working classes in Scotland appreciate that a time comes when peace must be fought for as much as any other condition that makes life worth living.

When Hitler and Mussolini are on the march, even Pacifists should be willing to defend their principles.

James Maxton, M.P., leader of I.L.P. Pacifism, has many admirers but a scanty following. He is regarded as an impractical politician in the present state of affairs.

Tom Johnston, M.P., Secretary of State for Scotland, and most members of the Parliamentary Labour Party were critical of the last war, which most of them thought could have been avoided. They are supporting Britain in the present war without reservation.

The Communists have not presented any serious difficulty. They were wobbly while Stalin was trying to ascertain what Hitler would do next. While Stalin was doing his home-guard duty, the Communists shouted that the war was an Imperialist adventure. They now describe it as a crusade for Democracy and civilisation, and at Trade Union conferences are the most clamorous and eloquent advocates of increased production for the war effort.

The chief complaint of the Communists is that Scottish industry is not doing enough for the war. I am inclined to agree with the Communists that output can be increased if there is more discipline and efficiency in the management.

Government orators should also cease to be lyrically optimistic. Scotland wants realism in politics and everything connected with the war. The Scots are not afraid of the Germans, the Italians and their allies, but want to know how much is required of them to insure victory. The speech that appealed most to them was that of the Prime Minister when he told civilians that he brought them nothing but sweat, blood and tears. The

Scots know that's what war means, and are not unwilling to pay the price.

Scotland wants courage, initiative and discipline in government as well as in war. The general attitude is that what is good enough for the services will not do civilians any harm.

The Scots are anxious there should be no profiteering in the war. They believe that industry should be conducted for the benefit of the State. They have welcomed the financing of the war at low rates of interest, in keeping with what Scots get for deposits in Savings Banks and similar agencies. The majority of the Scots are theoretically collectivists, but practise regulated Capitalism.

Glasgow alone has over 600,000 Savings Bank accounts, representing a total of £50,000,000 on which the lenders are content to receive 2½ per cent. They don't want any more, but they would not willingly accept less. They will, therefore, support any Government which finances the war on a 2½ per cent basis.

Every town and village in Scotland is engaged in friendly rivalry to raise most finance for the war. The special Savings Weeks have realised over £20 per head of the population in small savings. I have taken part in about fifty of these campaigns.

My most effective appeal was based on the willingness to sacrifice. When Scots are told that it is their duty to give their surplus credit to the Government at a low rate of interest, or interest free, they will respond more readily than when asked to invest their savings for the purpose of making money.

Air-raid sorrows have deepened the friendship between civilians and the services. Almost everybody in Scotland, except the very young, is in Civil Defence or in the Home Guard. Glasgow has 70,000 fire-fighting volunteers for the protection of tenements. They go on duty during raids without expecting fee or glory. They are simple realists who know they will be safer and happier protecting their homes during raids than crowding into shelters.

Scotland, to sum up, wants a more vigorous and determined prosecution of the war. It has respect and confidence in the leadership of the Prime Minister, but thinks he does not always select the best men for his Government team. They say he should select men on their merits and for no other reason.

Local government has responded well to the demands made on the municipal services for war aid. Everything that is possible has been done for Civil Defence. There has been a speeding up of decisions, a reform that was long overdue. But there has been no impairment of Democracy.

Judge William Clark of the United States Court of Appeal, after making a tour of Scotland said he was reporting to America that the war had fortified and extended Democracy rather than weakened it.

It is futile to predict the future for Scotland, where the chief consideration in every industrious mind is how to win the war. When we win the war, everything else we desire will seem capable of attainment. If we lose, then all that Scotland stands for will be destroyed.

We are going to win the war, but are not under any illusions regarding the price of victory. Scotland always paid this price in the centuries in which it has been battling to establish the rights of man over systems and kingdoms.

We like the King and Queen, said one Scot, because they are our servants and not our rulers.

The Scotland that believes in exemplary service will go right on until all the tyrants are laid low.

Wales: by Jack Jones

Jack Jones, the Welsh novelist and playwright, ex-miner and M.P., who represents Wales in our symposium, has sent us this engrossing article from Kansas City, one of the stopping-places of his lecture tour in the U.S.A., where he put forward so ably and forcefully the cause of Britain and the British working man

In 1938 I was engaged on a sort of survey of Wales for the B.B.C.—trying to ascertain the 'Social Effects of the coming of Broadcasting'—and had, during the year for which 'Munich' will be long remembered, the best possible opportunities of gathering the opinion and feeling of the people of the Principality. This was summed up for me at the time by a miner who had served with the Rhondda battalion of the Welch Regiment during the last war, and in these words: 'If we don't soon stop that flaming Hitler's gallop, then we shall only have ourselves to blame if he stops ours. . . .'

Not an elegant way of stating the opposition to appeasement, but, in his rough and ready way, 'Shoni', the Welsh miner, had sized up Hitler more accurately than the wishful thinkers and hopeful pacifists of that time, and what he said truly represented the feeling of Welsh people in general.

That was in 1938, since when Hitler has succeeded in conquering and enslaving the greater part of Europe. During two years of war Britain has had its ups and downs, yet, strange as it may appear to those so-called realists in other countries, those who have been too much impressed by the mechanical might of the Nazis and its success in Europe, the people of Wales are in better fettle and spirit after two years of war than they were when the Maginot Line was intact.

Before leaving for America, to tell Welsh-American and other audiences how Britain generally and Wales in particular was facing up to the third year of war, I 'covered' Wales, the industrial belt and rural background, so as to get the latest possible manifestations of the undying spirit of my people before going to catch the plane. I went to bombed and battered towns and villages and into the peaceful countryside, rich with harvest. The papers were reporting that things were going badly for our Russian allies, but I saw no long faces.

I found a people who realised the gravity of the situation in Russia and who were steeling themselves in readiness for the time when Hitler—maybe stalemated by the Russian winter and Russian valour—would again try to break the spirit of Britain. I heard no pacifist talk anywhere in Wales, but I heard severe criticism of a resolution for a peace conference moved at a meeting of the Welsh Congregational Union by the poet-preacher, the Rev. Elvet Lewis, known affectionately throughout the Principality as 'Elfed'. Now eighty years old and almost completely blind, the pulpit giant who has for a half-century moved congregations and swayed huge audiences, failed, respected though he still is, to get any appreciable support for his peace move.

The same applies to the small handful of Welsh nationalists, who meet—as they are still free to meet in Wales—to talk of this and that. But they do not in the least represent the people of Wales. The voice of Wales—where does one hear it these

days? From the miners of South Wales who recently, of their own free will and by ballot vote, decided to work an extra shift each week to increase production of the coal which is the basic power of the industries of war. Such a decision, made by men on war rations, men who have tightened their belts and stripped to the waist, is evidence of a fighting spirit which cannot be obscured by the woolly wordiness of our handful of pacifists and nationalists, such people as are to be found in varying strength during wartime in all free countries. But not where Hitler rules.

But the voice of Wales—where else did we hear it? It came, strong and sure, from those busy harvesting. From farmers and farmers' wives and land-workers of both sexes. They never as much as think of a patched-up peace. They go on ploughing and sowing and reaping and mowing for victory.

I went to a steelworks from where one of the workers had been selected to say a few words on behalf of the steel-workers of Britain in the Christmas programme which was broadcast to the world last year. He spoke confidently then, and so did his workmates, the rest of the furnacemen. How, I wondered, would they speak now, at a time when, as one of them put it, 'Russia's copping it'? What would their—hating this word I still must use it—what would their morale be like by this time? Better than ever. They laughed as they sweated in the heat coming from their furnaces, laughed, even sang in harmony as furnaces were being 'charged'.

I talked with railway workers at railway stations and on sidings, talked and laughed with those whose devotion to duty and whose patience in face of the difficulties and dangers of wartime has won the admiration of the other workers of Britain. I found no 'grousers' or pacifists among the railwaymen serving the Cause in Wales.

Everywhere I met the same 'carry on until we've seen this thing through' spirit. Dockers at the docks, busmen on the roads, girls in the factories—and over and above all I was amazed at the queenly courage of the women in Welsh homes. The women of Wales, most of whom have husbands or sons—in many cases husbands *and* sons—serving in the Forces or Merchant Navy, are simply wonderful.

I met several who said they wished 'the old war over' so as to have their men-folk home again, but when asked if they were in favour of making peace with Hitler they indignantly asked me what I was talking about and who I thought I was talking to? 'Make peace with that Hitler!' a mother with three sons in the Forces exclaimed. 'No fear.

The voice of Wales sounds mightily at the Eisteddfodau. Here we show the opening of one of these impressive festivals

I'd suffer to be boiled in oil before I'd make peace with the likes of him. . . .'

So, the investigation into the state of the morale of the people of Wales which was made so that I could answer the many questions which Welsh-Americans are, as I expected, now asking me, revealed that the people of my little country are as determined as ever to win this war, at whatever cost.

Since my arrival in America Mr. Lindbergh has stated that but for the encouragement and help received from America Britain would have long ago made peace with Hitler. Such a statement coming from anyone less prejudiced would be unforgivable. Peace, indeed! I credit my people of Wales with as much endurance, sacrifice and courage as I have myself, and I daily ask God to strengthen my courage to go on fighting Hitlerism for as long as life lasts. My four sons and my only son-in-law serving in the Forces, five men with minds of their own, feel as I do. So do my wife and daughter, who sent me to where I am now, in America, with a smile and a blessing, to help Americans towards a fuller, deeper understanding of the glorious spirit of the British people.

Soon after this article appears I shall, God willing, be back home again, doing duty to the limit of my capacity on the Welsh section of the British Home Front. I am writing this in the heart of the Middle West of America, in Kansas City, where I was privileged to speak about my people to the thousand delegates at the Convention of railway workers of America. Soon I shall be leaving for Atlantic City, where I am to have the privilege of addressing the great Convention of shipbuilding workers. Proudly I present the people of Britain, and the response of audiences to my description of how the people of Britain are carrying on is most encouraging.

The great heart of America is, I feel, with and behind Britain in this fight. The so-called 'Isolationists' are as negligible here as the handful of Welsh nationalists in my native Wales. This 'American postscript' may encourage others beside the people of Wales. In any case, my direct contacts with people here have convinced me of America's determination to help us through to victory. So, my people, until we meet again, 'Cymru am byth'.

Northern Ireland: by St. John Ervine

The spokesman for Northern Ireland is St. John Ervine, Belfast-born famous dramatist, novelist and former manager of the Abbey Theatre

The relationship of Northern Ireland to the war is, and must be, different in important details, though not in substance, from that of England, Scotland and Wales; and it is essential to the proper understanding of this relationship that certain facts should be set out at the start. The first is that there are two Governments in Ireland, one of which, the Northern Government, is at war with the Axis Powers, while the other, the Government of Eire, is neutral, although it owes its immunity from invasion entirely to the British Army, Navy and Air Forces.

The second fact is that although the Northern Government of Ireland is

familiarly known as the Ulster Government, it does not govern the whole of Ulster, but only six counties of Ulster. These counties are Derry, Antrim, Down, Armagh, Tyrone and Fermanagh. The remaining three counties, Donegal, Cavan and Monaghan, are governed by Eire and are, of course, neutral. A very valuable naval port, Lough Swilly, is in Donegal, and its use by the British Navy is denied by Mr. De Valera.

The third fact is that the six counties are smaller than Yorkshire. The fourth fact is intimately related to the third, for although the six counties contain the great industrial cities of Belfast and Derry, and the small industrial towns of Lisburn, Lurgan, Ballymena, Portadown and other places, they are mainly agricultural in character, the great majority of its farms being under fifty acres.

The fifth fact, and a most important one, is that its population is radically divided in religious and political beliefs, a division which is increased by racial differences. The total number of persons in the six counties, according to the census of 1937, is 1,279,753. Exact religious statistics are not available for a period later than 1926, but as the increase of population between 1926 and 1937 is slight, the religious statistics for the first of these years will suffice for the present. In 1926 there were 420,428 Roman Catholics and 836,133 Protestants and other non-Roman Catholics in the six counties. Any person who assumes that the political beliefs of these people may be correctly guessed from their religious beliefs will seriously mislead himself. There are some Roman Catholics who believe in the union of Great Britain and Ireland, and there are some Protestants who believe in an Irish Republic. But, broadly speaking, it is true to say that the Northern Irish Roman Catholics have one view of the way in which Ireland should be governed, and that the Protestants have another view. Even that statement requires considerable modification, for there is a deepening cleavage of opinion on Partition, that is to say, the separation of the six counties from Eire. I doubt if there is any person in Ireland who likes Partition, though the cause of the dislike may differ considerably from group to group, but I think it is true to say that among those who wish to preserve the union of Great Britain and Ireland, there are many who would like to see the union of Northern and Southern Ireland restored.

The fact that there are two large and distinct views of the way in which Ireland should be governed does not denote that the people of the six counties can be separated into two groups, one supporting the Allies, and the other supporting the Axis. Far from it. I do not believe that there is anyone in Ireland, whatever his views may be, who wishes the Germans to win the war, though there may be some who do not wish Great Britain to win it, and would, like the Isolationists of America, such as Mr. Lindbergh, like to see the war end inconclusively. But there is a small number of people, the Republicans, who would accept help from Germany, if it were obtainable, to enable them to fulfil their desire to separate Ireland wholly from Great Britain. A number of these Republicans live in the six counties, where they cause trouble to the Government in every way, from breaking blackout regulations to raiding ammunition dumps and setting fire to food stores. They are not Fifth Columnists in the sense that they wish to establish Fascism in Ireland or to be included in Hitler's New Order for Europe, but they are Fifth Columnists in the sense that if the

Spreading flax to dry—a scene from peacetime Ulster

Germans were to invade the six counties, they would probably (though this is not absolutely certain) hamper the Northern Ireland Government and assist the invaders, for their own purpose, of course.

I have said enough, I think, to indicate the complexity of the burden which the Northern Government has to bear, a burden which has not to be borne in the larger of the two islands. The recent rumpus over Conscription in the six counties sufficiently shows the nature of that burden. Belfast has been badly blitzed twice. Dublin, despite its neutrality, has also been blitzed. Eire, indeed, has been 'accidentally' blitzed by the Boche as often as, if not oftener than, Northern Ireland. Mr. De Valera, each time a blitz occurred, wrote a 'strong' note of protest to Hitler, claiming compensation for the damage done and the lives lost, and Hitler replied that he was very sorry and would not do it again. Compensation would, of course, be paid this year, next year, some time, never! . . . Fire remains neutral, shielded by Great Britain, and any British soldier, sailor or airman—and many of them come from Eire—who enters that community, must remove his uniform and wear mufti or be interned.

Those, then, are the salient facts. They do not alter the essential fact which is that the majority of the people of the six counties are ardent supporters of Great Britain's war effort, and that even among those whose attitude is cooler than that of the majority, support is pretty strong. The Northern Irish industrialist has an unshakable conviction that his welfare is bound up with the welfare of Great Britain and the British Commonwealth. He trades with the world. The staple industries of Belfast, for instance, are not dependent on Irish customers, but on customers abroad. The number of Eireans who can buy boilers and engines and ships would not keep the workmen of Belfast employed for a week; and the separation of Ireland from Great Britain, with all the restrictions of trade which that separation would involve, would have a disastrous effect on Ulster industries. Free Trade between Great Britain and Northern Ireland is essential to the Ulsterman's prosperity, but the establishment of an Irish Republic would undoubtedly result in tariffs, such as have already been established between Eire and Great Britain. and these tariffs would cause many Ulstermen to shut shop. The defeat of Great Britain in the

war would, therefore, be a calamity of the first magnitude to the Northern Irish people. For their own sakes, therefore, Northern Irishmen support the Allied cause. That is why they are straining their energies to the utmost to defeat the Boche.

The fate of other nations has made them realise that a victorious Hun would have no mercy on Ireland. It would be incorporated in the distended Reich as thoroughly as Poland has, at present, been. Mr. De Valera would disappear from the Dail if Hitler won, and a system of regimentation would be created in Ireland which would result in prolonged agony for a people to whom regimentation is detestable. But even if Hitler were to leave Mr. De Valera in possession of power, an unthinkable contingency, and Mr. De Valera were to remodel Ireland after the fashion he admires, Northern Ireland would suffer severely from the change. The Taoiseach, which is Mr. De Valera's title, plainly told the Dail in Dublin that Eire cannot afford to live on the British scale of life, and must, therefore, be content with greatly reduced social services, a lower standard of living, reduced wages and longer hours of labour. I cannot see the Belfast working-class joyfully rushing into an Irish Republic to receive low wages and long hours in return for a chance to speak Gaelic. That, however, is what Mr. De Valera proposes to give them. It is evident that a British victory in the war is absolutely vital to the fulfilment of the hopes and desires of the Northern Irish industrialist, employer and employed, for neither the one nor the other will be able, in any other event, to maintain and improve the standards he has set before himself. The number of Ulstermen who long for a sensible settlement of the Irish question is very great, but their conviction that a satisfactory settlement of it is dependent upon the complete and irretrievable defeat of the Germans, increases.

Their expectations when peace has been established are mainly those of other decent, democratic people. They expect that a more deliberate and determined effort to solve the problem of unemployment will be made. Ireland, as a whole, is able to relieve itself of a large part of the burden of unemployment by exporting its unemployed to Great Britain. Eire would be a ruined state at this moment were it not for the absorption of large numbers of its unemployed in British industries. These people are able to send money home to Eire, thus solving their own immediate personal problems and those of their relatives still residing in Eire. Eire, in short, is not only kept immune from the German menace by the British forces, but its internal economy is saved from disaster by the need for labour in Great Britain. And very small thanks Britain gets from Mr. De Valera for keeping his skin intact!

I do not myself imagine that any solution of the Irish major problems is possible in a partitioned country, and I fancy that one of the first efforts that the post-war Irish population will make will be to unite Ireland. And it will, I am confident, be a union within the British Commonwealth. When that is achieved there will be a pooling of all the brains in Ireland to make a better agriculture and a better industry, a more efficient transport system, a much better educational system—it is very bad, especially in Eire—and better and cleaner towns and cities. The post-war Irish people will have a lot to do. New links with Great Britain will have to be made, but they will be links of freedom, not links of bondage.

Oxford in Wartime

by A. L. ROWSE

'If there is one town in England, one town in Europe, that has taken something of the place of Salzburg in pre-Anschluss days, it is Oxford'

A FEW weeks ago, about the end of the summer term, if you, a visitor to Oxford, happened to be wandering about the old dead centre of the University town, which was, no doubt, what the wit had in mind when he called Oxford the 'Latin Quarter of Morris-Cowley', you would notice vivacious, chattering little crowds of undergraduates in gowns and white ties, and undergraduettes in caps and gowns and black ties, waiting at the doors of those old, dead buildings for their examinations to begin. Very important for most of them, for these examinations at the end of the Trinity Term are those which give them their classes in the Final Schools; upon them largely depend their chances of a career in life.

But only some one who knew Oxford would spot that there was anything unusual in those little crowds being there at that particular time. For ordinarily in peacetime it would be the High Street which would be dominated during the weeks when 'Schools' are going on by these groups, these droves of black-gowned young men and women, all dutifully clad in *sub fusci*, occasionally relieved by the white fur of a B.A.'s hood, the scarlet hood of a don—going by in his glory—the examiner alongside the examinee. You see, the Examination Schools, that large, lugubrious building with its great Jackson-Jacobean windows which overshadows the lower High, has ceased to fulfil its gloomy function for the 'duration'. It fulfils a nobler and more pressing purpose. And so the examinations have to be held in all sorts of holes and corners in the old dead buildings, which, in former centuries, were the real heart of the University—the Divinity School, with its Proscholium (the 'Pig-market') in the old School's quadrangle; even the Sheldonian Theatre and the Taylorian have had to be roped in for the emergency.

Now isn't that just like Oxford? The buildings of the twentieth century being requisitioned for national purposes, we go back quite easily and naturally to those of the Middle Ages which have lost their former use. I must say it gave me pleasure to see those quiet, deserted yards around the Bodleian, which were once the hub of University life, filled once more with the laughter and excitement of the young.

This leads me to the first and most obvious difference between peacetime and wartime Oxford which must strike everybody's notice, for it is on the surface for everybody to see. The life of the streets, even in the old centre of the town, has ceased to be dominated by the University. So many thousands of evacuees and refugees have flooded into the area, mainly from London: it is said that the population has gone up by some

twenty per cent, perhaps twenty thousand people. Then there are all the men in uniform, who crowd into this convenient centre by all the bus-routes from roundabout. So that the streets of Oxford which were calculated to accommodate a population of some twenty thousand with dignity and space, and had long ceased to serve modern Oxford adequately, now have an extra and almost impossible strain upon them. Pavements are incessantly crowded; shopping has become torture (not that that much concerns dons and undergraduates); theatres are packed with unknown faces —as the war wears on it becomes rarer and rarer to recognise a friend, one greets a distant acquaintance with spontaneous effusiveness and genuine relief. The place is filled, one feels, with people who know not David. The few decrepit old dons who are left, and crocks like myself, are driven to take refuge within their ample college-walls, cross the High or the Broad furtively, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, to scuttle for their daily constitutional into the cover of Christ Church Meadows, or Addison's Walk at Magdalen, the gardens of Trinity or St. John's.

A CAFÉ IN THE NEW BODLEIAN?

So much for outward appearances.

But they do in fact reflect pretty accurately what has happened to the inner life of the University. On the one side, a great influx of strangers from outside; on the other, a great outgoing of the younger dons and third-year undergraduates to the war and to Whitehall. Even before the war the influx of academic refugees from abroad was beginning to be noticeable. Oxford, like the other British Universities, has given a magnificent example of generosity and of the ties of intellect and scholarship transcending national boundaries, in this respect. But somehow Oxford is a magnet for them, which exerts an indubitable attraction, over and above the quota for which the University has made itself responsible. One notices this very much in the café-life of the town, which has become distinctly more Continental. From the languages being spoken all around one, one might be inhabiting a bit of old Vienna or some central European University town. The New Bodleian has an enormous raised terrace, a little piazza, just above the pavement level of the Broad: it only needs my suggestion to be adopted for the little tables with the stripy awnings to go up, the shrubs in painted tubs and the sunshades, for the resemblance to be complete. One sees Bodley's Librarian as the chief *cafetier;* the profits, of course, to go to paying for the New Bodleian Library.

MUSIC IN OXFORD

Quite seriously, if there is one town in this country, one town in Europe, which has taken something of the place of Salzburg in pre-Anschluss days, it is Oxford. It has become very much more of a 'cultural centre', in the modern sense (old-fashioned persons may deplore it), not only because of the presence of many distinguished cosmopolitans, but so far as this country is concerned, partly, no doubt, because of the winging of London. Never have there been such wonderful concerts, such an *embarras de musique*, as Oxford has enjoyed in wartime. Not only orchestras big and small, the London Philharmonic, under Malcolm Sargent, the Boyd-Neel, the Sidney Beer Orchestras, have come down regularly in term time, but there have been our own Wednesday night concerts, following the National Gallery model, right through the year and drawing a good deal from artists now

C. W. Cope's canvas shows Oxford in wartime—295 years ago, when the troops of Fairfax ejected 374 fellows and students from the colleges

living in Oxford. It has been a pleasure to see these concerts packed with young people, many of them in uniform, particularly in R.A.F. uniform; often performers as well as the audience.

In addition, there have been the art-shows. Oxford has benefited from the residence of a distinguished Spanish painter, Gregorio Prieto, who has been engaged in drawing types of undergraduate good looks and some of the celebrities of the Oxford scene. An excellent exhibition of his drawings and paintings was held at Lady Margaret Hall last term. Even more exciting is the exhibition of those younger English painters, the Euston Road School, who owe so much to the judicious encouragement of Sir Kenneth Clark and to the somewhat Puritan genius of their leader, William Coldstream. Their very representative show—it was one of the most stimulating I have ever seen and offers great hope for the future of English painting—was held in the Ashmolean; which somehow puts an official imprimatur upon their work.

Some whole institutions have moved to us from London, mainly educational schools and colleges like Westfield College for Women, which is part of London University, and now occupies St. Peter's Hall. Then there is Chatham House, the Royal Institute of International Affairs, installed in Balliol College—you may run into a number of eminent figures on the international scene, not merely experts, but statesmen, almost any day crossing the Broad. Somehow it seems all very appropriate.

But how does all this affect the life of the University, above all of the undergraduate? That is the most important point of all.

There is no doubt that the life of both has suffered a great deal. That was to be expected. You cannot take away the top layer of undergraduates, the third-year men, and the most active, junior dons, without dealing a great blow to the University. Those who remain do their best to carry on, though University life has lost much of its spaciousness, the leisureliness which enabled young men to develop their minds in the best of all possible ways in the most formative years of their life.

But I must say how struck I am by the wonderful way undergraduates have responded to the emergency and the difficulties of the situation. Think of what happened in the first year of the war. Many of them who were of military age had their undergraduate careers cut short at a stroke, in the middle of their degree course. It was very hard lines. Then the

Universities got together with the Government and worked out a reasonable scheme by which those who were in the midst of their degree courses were to finish them. Shortened degree courses, at Oxford known as 'Sections', were introduced which could be taken in from three to five terms and a wartime degree achieved.

In consequence the men have to get their work into much shorter time; and on top of that they mostly have a day and a half a week taken out for O.T.C. parades, lectures, exercises in the country. In addition they have their college-rotas for fire-watching and so on. I am filled with admiration at the way they have carried on their work in these circumstances; there is no doubt that undergraduates work much harder than ever before. Last year I was examining in one of these 'Sections'—Politics and Economics; as I looked down the serried ranks of young men before me, mostly men in their second-year only who were finishing their University life for good and would 'come to Oxford no more', I could not but be moved. When I came to read their papers I was still more impressed; for in spite of all the distractions from their work, the invasions of their time, they had all worked seriously and hard—far more generally so than in peacetime. There was hardly anyone to plough—just one or two out of a large number; and many of them had earned distinctions.

A WARTIME WEEK

Let us look at a typical week of an Oxford undergraduate in wartime. Here is my friend Bill, a heavy fellow who played in this past year's University Rugger Fifteen. Monday all day he has O.T.C.; work in the evening for his tutorial. (He has two tutorials a week, for each of which he has to write an essay: one on history, another on political theory.) Tuesday morning and afternoon he has lectures and is writing his essay for that evening. He has that evening off and can go to a concert or a cinema or a party of his friends. Wednesday morning and evening, reading up for his next essay; the afternoon taken up by a practice-match. Thursday morning, lectures; afternoon, O.T.C.; evening, reading for his next tutorial. Friday, mostly given up to writing his essay for his tutorial that evening. Saturday, all day, a rugger-match away; if at home, he has the evening free. Sunday, all day, rather the worse for wear, reading hard to catch up with his next essay. On top of that, he has a night or so up a week fire-watching. It so happened that the very night before his examination he was up for five hours during an alert. You will be glad to hear that he got through both his Sections!

ADVICE TO PARENTS

Let me conclude with a word of advice to parents. For all the handicaps to University life in wartime, or rather because of them, it is a very good thing to send your sons up to the University a year earlier than usual. During their last year at school, boys are very often marking time. It is much better that they should be up at the University getting on with their work, widening their horizons, equipping themselves for life. If they come up at seventeen, instead of at eighteen, they have a chance of getting something like their complete course instead of the rather hectic rush of the shortened wartime degree. Seventeen is not too soon to be coming up to the University. Their ancestors came up at fifteen, and in the Middle Ages at eleven or twelve. You cannot but expect an Oxford man to welcome a step that so clearly has the sanction of the past!

SCIENCE FRONT

SOME BRITISH SCIENTISTS

Is there a British science? Not really, for science is truly international. It deals with significant facts, and not, like art or poetry, with significant opinions. A scientific statement which is true in Oxford or Cambridge is true everywhere. Not only in London, New York, Moscow or Berlin —they are all pretty international anyway—but also in Stow-on-the-Wold, in typically 'national' places like Asuza, California or Magnitogorsk, in the Urals.

But if there is not a specifically British science, there are British scientists. So far as one can see from the press and the films, the ordinary man has a most extraordinary idea of what they are like — absent-minded professors with bulging foreheads. But the men who solved the problem of the magnetic mine, who gave us radio-location and the new antiseptics, are anything but absent-minded. Not that they are all perfectly ordinary people, either. Britain has always been famous for its 'characters'; and there are a fair number of them in the scientific world. In the early days, science was a hobby for gentlemen of leisure. They were, above all, individualists; and the tradition of individualism persists as one of the characteristics of the British scientific world to-day. But the man with an odd flair, who goes his own unpredictable way, from time to time producing ideas which come off, is becoming rarer. The solid competent co-operative professional is coming to be more typical of scientists in general.

There are not many scientists—a few thousand. But they are, by definition, the experts, and there are far too many first-class ones for more than a few samples to be mentioned here.

There are the Grand Old Men—such figures as Sir William Bragg, who, with his son 'young Willie' (now Sir Lawrence) Bragg, developed the method of X-ray analysis; they are both profoundly important in applying science to everyday life, Old Bragg by his addresses to the Royal Society and Young Bragg by his work on Government committees. Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins, universally known as 'Hoppy', the discoverer of vitamins, and one of the main builders of the science of biochemistry, is one of the most beloved of scientists—his pupils, scattered over the whole world, never seem entirely to forget his combination of sympathy and shrewdness. Sir Charles Sherrington, a thin ghost of a man, spins his beautiful and subtle prose, as complex as a poem by Manley Hopkins, an Ariadne-thread leading him towards the secrets of the human nerves and brain, and into the dim region where the physical grows into the spiritual. Sir Richard Gregory is as different as could be—perhaps the most successful combination there has ever been of the scientist and the journalist; he made the English *Nature* into the mouthpiece of the whole scientific world.

Then, in the slightly younger generation, there is Keilin, a true laboratory hermit; a small man whose soft voice, still keeping the accents of a youth in Poland and a long sojourn in France, is hardly heard outside scientific congresses—but what he says is important and sometimes more than that. Adrian, whose appearance is almost as much like a rapier as his mind, is another who prefers to remain among his electrical devices and the nerve dissections on which he uses them. A. V. Hill, on the other hand, is not only a great physiologist but a Member of Parliament, and because of his public work, probably the most important single individual in the scientific world at a time like the present. But perhaps this position might be challenged, if we knew the facts, by one of the physicists on secret war work. There is, for instance, Blackett, educated as a naval officer and showing in his technical methods that combination of careful organisation and brilliant initiative which the Navy seems to produce. Or again Cockcroft, the Manchester electrical engineer who has become one of the world's great physicists through sheer thorough competence at everything he touches.

The public knows already the three fighting H's—Huxley, the Brains-Truster who runs the Zoo, and whose extraordinarily wide knowledge of biology has enabled him to take man himself intellectually under his wing, and show how science could be used in his service; Haldane, the erudite communist, who will quote the Hebrew prophets or mediæval love lyrics as

appositely as he does Lenin or the latest paper from an obscure Japanese research journal, and whose work is an example of what can be achieved by an absolutely fearless man prepared to experiment on himself for the benefit of mankind; Hogben, the quintessential individualist with a passionate interest in man as a social being, who drawls out his serpentine and outrageous epigrams in a Plymouth Brother voice—his *Mathematics for the Million* is one of the popularisations of genius of this generation, and his mathematics work for the million also in his research on human genetics inheritance in man. But the general reader has hardly heard of Gray, who is more responsible than anyone else for bringing official British zoology towards up-to-date interests. Nor, probably, do they know of R. A. Fisher, behind whose thick spectacles and beard there lurks that remarkable phenomenon, a witty statistician with nine children; by being supremely good with figures, he has been able to tell specialists in many other fields what their results really amount to.

Slightly younger is Bernal, who wrote an article in the Changing World series a few months ago. His mind (Irish Catholic converted to Marxism) darts about amid a stupendous mass of learning, and usually keeps pace with his equally agile tongue—his hands have performed several remarkable experiments but are quite unable to keep up with his ideas, and the scientific work of not a few people is an attempt to carry out an after-dinner conversation they once had with him. Not many scientists have such general knowledge, but Needham (another Changing Worlder) is a solid two hundred-weight of facts; the only English scientist who can discuss Chinese philosophy in fluent Mandarin, lecture on regeneration to the pre-war Polish school in their own language, and be an authority on the relations of Science, Church and State in seventeenth-century England. His wife—small, silent and precise as he is big and exuberant—is an important biochemist in her own right. Darlington is more specialised again, not very interested in anything outside the cell-nucleus; but the things within it, which are the most fundamental structures in living things, he understands better than anyone. At first sight one might wonder if he was a High Church curate or a cavalry officer; but you would soon find that he has the most rumbustiously creative imagination in British biology. He works by an extravagant and daring insistence on orderliness; in contrast 'Solly' Zuckerman feels his way into the subject, equally successful at organising the human contacts between scientists and men of affairs or understanding the relation between the social system of baboons and their sexual rhythms.

We have come now (neglecting many important people on the way—for instance, the brilliant scientific family of Sir Edward and Mrs. Mellanby) to the younger generation, the under thirty-fives. Even among them there are some who have already made a permanent mark; particularly theoretical physicists, whose careers, like heavyweight boxers, tend to be short and gay. Dirac predicted the most fantastic of the fundamental particles of which matter is made; the 'empty hole' or positron, which Anderson and Blackett later discovered. Experiment takes longer than theory, and the younger experimental scientists are still rather dark horses. Teddy Bullard is tipped off as one of the likely physicists. Among biologists there is Pirie, who insists, with all the rigour of his Scotch metaphysical mind, on the absolute necessity of going not a step beyond the facts; and another Changing World writer, Waddington, whose uninsistent empirical approach to biology's great unsolved problem of development is always luring him towards the great metaphysical systems. John Young carries his curious information as gracefully as an Oxford man should carry his liquor, and produces work as unexpected and as complete as Oxford wit. But the young scientists, who have not been sorted out by the arbitrary Goddess of Success, are too numerous even to give a sketch of. If we must take one of the under-thirties for the sake of completeness, let us mention Rawdon Smith, a type unlike any we have spoken of so far; a technical perfectionist, whose main care is that everything he does should be so good that it cannot be bettered by anyone (unless by himself); and the British Armed Forces will be hoping he has pulled it off.

A. V. Hill pointed out the other day that in the scientific world, more than in most spheres of life, the young can meet the old on terms of equality. As well as the many great, that have been omitted here, there are many not-yet-known-to-be-great who play an essential part in scientific life. And one can be fairly certain that there is at least one, and probably more, who will beat the book, and show how incomplete this picture of the scientific world has been.

Eternally watchful for the eternal danger

The Case for the Merchant Sailor

by JAMES HANLEY

James Hanley had spent ten years on the sea—four of them during the first World War—before he wrote 'Stoker Bush', 'Hollow Sea', and many other sea stories. He is, therefore, fully qualified to present the case of the 'Wartime Darling', 'Peacetime Stepchild'—the British Merchant Sailor

MERCHANT seamen are the most exploited body of men in the wide world. This statement means what it says and goes for sailors the world over, but since this article is concerned purely with our own Mercantile Marine I will endeavour to state their case. If he looks backward what does he see? A vast panorama of lies, deceit and outright neglect. If he looks to the future he sees a hazy horizon-line over which there lies a nebulous future. First things first, and from what I know of sailors two things are pressing and urgent. Firstly, the Government cannot afford to wait until after hostilities before it sits down to think about the future of this service, and, secondly, the men's own Union must be far more vociferous, and a little less like a manifestation of the laws of inertia at work. This also means exactly what it says, and let it not be forgotten that many sailors are in the habit of using the past tense when speaking of their representatives. The merchant sailor's struggle has been long and hard, and his rewards have hardly been commensurate with his bloody pains. Most vivid in his memory is the sell-out at Geneva, and this he will not easily forget. The eight-hour day, for men who were working anything up to ninety per week, and sometimes a little more, only gave owners and Government nightmares, but a most obliging casting vote saved the day for them. The sailor has not forgotten who placed that casting vote against him. For hundreds of years he has been the scum of the earth, and now he doesn't want to be the scum of the earth any more. He wants a due acknowledgment of his priceless contribution to our island's welfare, this man who to-day measures our loaf of bread and puts it into our mouths at frightful cost to himself, and he wants his generosity and faith acknowledged also, and not used as a foil against him as has hitherto been the case. He wants his right place in human society, not a shifty, fugitive existence on its fringes; he wants his vital service acknowledged, and himself as a vital unit in that service, and with a full heart. He wants an end to exploitation, and the bloodiest of all wars has given him his chance at last. Pats on the back and a prodigious use of adjectives leave him cold. He wants acts, and not

words. He wants a clean sweep of all the neglect, disgust, deceit, all the worn-out debris of the raw deal must be washed away, for the time is here now for the square deal, and a new technique and a new language of negotiation must be used, since all the old instruments have failed lamentably. Not less vivid in his memory (and the rising of the load line has heightened it) is that ugly story of the *Trevessa*, the *Millpool*, the *Saxelby*, and the *Vardulia*. He wants an end of that. For too long he has been a trusting man; the full weight of caution could never be his since his very calling put him always at a disadvantage. The sailor is far more often afloat than ashore, he is a member of a wandering, almost nomadic tribe of men, so that what has been most vital to him, the whole machinery set up to determine his present and future welfare, has had to be left in the hands of trustees in whom he could believe. He still believes the basis is there, whereas the basis for real hope is not. He has hoped for the right responses and recognitions and they have not been forthcoming. Now at last he knows where the focus must be. With great earnestness, with absolute sincerity he now knows and believes that the real power to help him lies with public opinion, and with public opinion hope rises. And in saying this I have lifted the words themselves direct from many sailors' tongues. The owner's time is nearly over, he has had his chance, and let it be said at once that he has taken it, and up to the hilt, amassing huge fortunes at the sailor's expense. But worse than that. When you hit the sailor you hit also his wife and family. Yes, in spite of all the romantic nonsense, which only makes the sailor sick, he is very much the family man, and he knows that they as well as himself have always suffered. Proof? A whole history of it. The astronomical profit figures of the last war must be no more than bad dreams, quickly forgotten. This time he wants different figures. From all of which the reader may now gather that the sailor himself feels that a national ownership of shipping will be in his best interest. Can it be proved to the contrary? That nightmare of every living sailor in the service will have vanished, the nightmare of a future on the human scrap-heap, with no reward for years of faithful service, but simply cast off like an old rag. The ports of our island are full of their ghosts, and the sailor sees it, and is sad. Not one shipping company has pensioned its crews, for we cannot call a measly five shillings a week a pension for a man who has spent perhaps a whole lifetime at sea. But there exist certain benevolent institutions which have actually awarded a sailor this priceless sum after much form-filling and affirmations and all the rest of the silly rot. The maiden spinster, enjoying her unearned three per cent, has more often than not been his benefactor, a miserable pittance from a huge fortune has been left by one whose ideas about the sea were in the end purely romantic. It is the owner who must pension, but since he has not done this, the sailor believes that National Ownership of Shipping will bring it about. I think if you put it to the average sailor he would say that security for the future was one of the big items, the major problem. His future is the core of the business, and since a Government would do this, it might seem that the case for Government control is at once established. It is not quite, since your sailor does not care two hangs who gives the pensions, and who rights the wrongs, so long as he is sure of their being righted. He has been cheated by so many, at so many different

times that he remains the most suspicious man alive. Can it be wondered at? In effect the sailor says, 'the first to recognise me as a human being, and my family as human beings, the first to give me my proper place in society, to make the sea a really worth-while calling, and who will guarantee me against old age, gets my support. Has the owner done anything at all towards bringing it about? He hasn't, so the Government had better take over. But if the owner guarantees it to-morrow, then to hell with the Government. I heartily suspect both and I have a long experience to justify it. Let public opinion do the scale work.' Having said this, one has opened a door in the average sailor's mind and let out what has long been lying there.

I address the above to the noble Lords whose motion in the House last week brought quite a number of letters to *The Times*, some of them praiseworthy, some of them stupid. For myself, I think that Lord Marchwood was earnest and sincere, but then one can be earnest and sincere without being psychologically at home with the subject of the debate. And if the Government lends the long ear to the gentlemen who desire to increase the status of the Merchant Navy by making it a mere appendage of the Navy proper, they will find themselves a whole packet of trouble, for the Merchant Sailor is the last man in the world even to think of getting into uniform. To force it on them would be the greatest psychological blunder. It is the Merchant Navy and not the Royal Navy that has made British seamanship unmatched the world over, and from it the Navy itself stemmed. The Merchant Sailor possesses many great gifts which cannot be deadened under uniform nor lose their impetus and essence under a discipline alien to it. I think that Mr. Holt, the Liverpool shipowner, in his letter to *The Times* stated these gifts very well, but I would add, nevertheless, that these same gifts oddly enough flowered during a whole history of outright exploitation. If to these virtues of our merchant seamen Mr. Holt had added all the vices that flowered in the service under private ownership I would have been much more pleased, and so would the sailors themselves. But he did not do this, and Mr. L. H. Cripps revealed nothing beyond the reactions to fright after hearing about the motion in the House.

But let your sailor speak his piece. Listen to what he says. 'If instead of talking about putting free men into uniforms, you had occupied your time with raising the matter of the rising Plimsoll Line, we should all have been greatly obliged to you, since the Plimsoll Line is our guarantee against many distressing forms of death. And further, if you could have got the Government to say that this "war-time emergency" would not become a peace-time necessity for the owners, and gave us a guarantee about it now; and if the same gentlemen would have inquiries made as to the conditions in which boats are now sailing from our ports, in view of the same rising line, we would be grateful. This is what we want, and we are very much concerned about it since not a voice has been raised in the House or anywhere else.' That is the voice of your sailor.

I talked with a sailor only the other day and I asked him point blank what his opinion was on State as against Private ownership. This is his reply: 'That is a big problem, and there is a time to discuss it. That will be when all the little problems have been attended to. There are any amount of them and they cannot possibly wait.' I give them here: The reduction of hours of labour from

eighty to sixty-four per week to be extended at once to all ships under 2,500 tons, since it is only ships over that tonnage who are enjoying the reduction. The sailor's right to representation during ship construction so that he can amend the builder's or the architect's omission, the fundamental sanitary requirements, of baths and a place to dry one's clothes. The immediate abolishment of the foodless hours between 5 p.m. and 8 a.m. that now exist whilst afloat. The shore overtime of one-and-ninepence per hour to apply to overtime worked at sea, since he only receives one shilling. The provision of more medical attention on the small ships. The whole matter of compensation in relation to injury and death whilst at sea to be gone into and radically changed, since the great grievance of men is that the day a man meets with an accident his pay stops, and though he may lie in hospital abroad for weeks, or perhaps months, his dependents must subsist on the pittance from the National Health Insurance. A great increase in the number of Board of Trade surveys, at least a little oftener than every three or four years. Greater precautions in small boat matters, since the open boat is now a very large question-mark in the sailor's mind, and a better provision of food in them. The same rates of pay for shifting ship whilst in home ports as the shoremen enjoy, for why the shoremen should receive twice as much as he does for the same work remains incomprehensible to him. A higher compensation figure than ten pounds for loss of effects, since it has been worked out that almost nine of the ten pounds is required for replacement of apparel and tackle used only at sea, and one single pound will not buy him the go-ashore clothes he requires. An alteration of one of the Pool's most criticised rules, which is that of signing on men for six months and then keeping them waiting ashore, all the time on sea articles, when many of the men would prefer to be away on other ships. This latter matter, I may add, is the talk one listens to wherever sailors meet. The right of the sailor to do as he likes with his own food, since he pays for it; if he does not eat this food he cannot take it home with him, though he is at liberty to throw it into the dock, otherwise he must return it to the company although paid for, since it is part of his wages. An end once and for all to the class discrimination in the service, the latest example of which is the virtual discouragement of fo'c'sle personnel sitting for their tickets. This applies to firemen, trimmers and greasers also.

I mention all these things because they, as much as the matter of ownership in the future, occupy his mind, and until they are dealt with and made satisfactory there will be no peace amongst sailors. Set against the more vital problem of Private or State ownership they may seem small indeed, but the root of the whole matter is this, that to understand the psychology of the little thing is to understand the sailor, and when these grievances are cleared up he will be ready to discuss the bigger problems, for though they must affect his whole future, it is the little things that very much affect his present. No sailor is prepared to discuss anything until all these matters have been settled, and no amount of Parliamentary motions will influence him for a moment. And let me end by repeating that it is to neither Government nor Union, convocation or committee, Maritime Board or any other board that he now appeals, but with all the weight of desperation to the British public itself. All else has failed. They must know, must learn and must decide.

'Dickey Scrag' was the Victorian Cockney as acted by Samuel Vale in 'Dolly and the Rat'. Vale's figure inspired Dickens in creating Sam Weller, that 'arch Cockney'

London Pride

by ALAN JENKINS

The stout heart of the Cockney has resisted stubbornly and successfully the onslaught of the Luftwaffe. In this engrossing article a brilliant young writer examines the Cockney's mind, language, wit and philosophy with erudition and understanding

WITH London Town blown to bits, and thousands of London wives and children evacuated to the country, you begin to wonder whether, during the next few decades, the Cockney will die out. Will those children grow up country-minded as well as town-minded? Speaking a mixed dialect of rural burr and Cockney twang? Standardised by travel, talkies, radio and L.C.C. night-school? The pearly coster has left the streets, the cries of London are heard but seldom, the old-style music-hall that produced Albert Chevalier and Harry Champion can scarcely stand up to the Odeon and Bing Crosby; and now that Bow Bells can be heard world-wide by wireless, cannot the Antipodes claim Cockney citizenship? Does the word Cockney, indeed, mean anything to-day?

So complain those who remember only Sam Weller, Pett Ridge's stories, George Belcher's charwomen, and the Edwardian patronising romanticisation of Cockneys—from songs like Pélissier's 'Yerce Oi daon't Fink' to Elgar's mis-titled *Cockaigne Overture*. Do not believe them. I write from the Army, and Cockney is lying on his bunk next to me this moment, 'havin' a kip dahn' and reading *No Orchids for Miss Blandish*. And I know there is a deep individuality within him that never will be changed whithersoever you transplant him. Only the exigencies of War *can* transplant him, and even then he takes London in his kitbag, as in 1914–18, christening the trenches Piccadilly, Strand and Old Kent Road. He is no traveller. Southend Kur-saal (pronounced Curse-All), Margate's Dreamland, or Epping Forest replete with rape and murder, are worth a Bank Holiday jaunt and no more.

He conceives of England as three-parts covered by Greater London (as it soon will be unless Lord Reith takes drastic action). Watford is a 'big tahn' in the North, and after that comes Scotland. Nowhere is more than a fourpenny 'bus ride from the Monument: evacuee children trying to escape back home from Devonshire have been known to board a 'bus and offer twopence to the conductor.

For Old England (apart from its roast beef) Cockney gives not a damn: he shouts hurrah for the King and Queen because they satisfy his sense of theatre, his love of colour and pageantry, but to him they are King and Queen of London, not of the British Empire. And for why? 'Cos if they wasn't, chum, Buck-nam Pellis'd be in Manchester or Canada instead, see!

NO HERO?

Soldier or civilian, Cockney is no hero. We hear a lot about the 'Cockney spirit that wins wars', but it isn't heroism in the dashing sense of the word. He is law-abiding and passive until compelled to be otherwise: he does not know that by occupying the Tubes, agin' the law, during the Blitz he effected a minor revolution. He never really settles down to the nonsense of the Army, for which he sees no real need to volunteer. He is, above all, prudent. Like most of us, he hangs back from danger until forced into it, and then, in sheer annoyance, does his best to cope with it. No sense in being dead: life's too good for that. Cockney is pacific: his attitude towards the war was one of apathy and shrugging wonder until his wife and kids were blitzed out of Bermondsey. Then he got mad. A personal quarrel inflames him instantly; but war between nations—no, that's just silly.

Cockney is also, to busy money-making eyes, a bit lazy. Why sweat your guts out when you can look out of the window and watch the world pass by? When you can put up your feet, push your cap on the back of your head, and smoke your old cigar? Not that Cockney ever has any cigars, except at Christmas; but he looks forward to an Elysian time of leisure and prosperity when he will have them on tap.

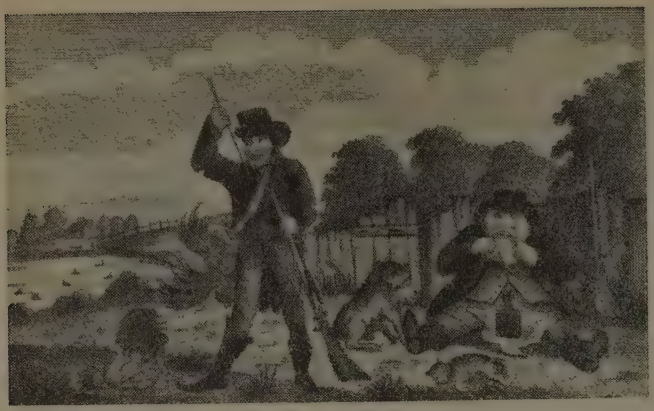
He has a strong conservative streak. That is because London, a city of trade, not of production, has never been a Depressed Area, and because no sort of adversity can give Cockney an inferiority complex. He is *respectable*. I have heard him remonstrating with a Tyneside sergeant on parade: 'Why can't you talk to me civil?' he cries passionately. 'Anyone can see *you* don't come from London.'

Cockney accepts the hard, idiotic way of the world, and gets on in it by 'using his loaf'. 'You 'ave to use yer loaf, mate'—it is his favourite advice. *Loaf of bread* means head, and apart from the universal adjective ———*ing*, is his chief contribution to Army slang. Loaf-using embraces anything from *petites économies* such as steaming off an unused stamp to scrounging, knocking-off or even half-inching, which he delicately distinguishes from theft. Withal he is expansively generous, likes to do things—weddings and funerals especially—in a 'slap-up' way.

GAY AND UNSELFCONSCIOUS

He is of uncertain age. At nineteen he is thin-lipped, hawk-eyed, the forehead precociously lined, with a devastating knowledge of the seamy side. At forty he is much the same. You can always pick him out, even in battledress, and not only by his voice. He takes care of himself: hair sleeked, boots shined. In Civvy Street he combines the rakish with the dapper, with a dash of colour here and there, and occasionally a bow-tie. Fond of eating and drinking, too: what other city but London could have produced music-hall songs about Glorious Beer and Boiled Beef and Carrots?

Unselfconscious to a most un-English extent, he talks with his whole body, allows every emotion to find physical expression, and has an infectious talent for gaiety.



The Cockney in the country—one of a famous series of old prints

You will find in him a certain disillusionment—or is it realism? Consider some examples of rhyming slang—literally, but not too seriously. Wife is *trouble and strife*, children (kids) *gawd-forbids*. Regularly Cockney uses terms of lechery as endearments. *Barrel o'treacle* is his word for romantic love. Even happy Southend is Mud Island.

To colloquial English the Cockney has given much. How much? We must keep clear of extremes. An L.C.C. report on Elementary Schools (1911—possibly influenced by Shaw's Eliza Doolittle?) held that 'there is no London dialect of reputable antecedent. The Cockney mode of speech with its unpleasant twang is a modern corruption . . . unworthy of any person in the capital city of the Empire.' An enthusiastic philologist has called Cockney speech 'noble . . . literary . . . Chaucer's English.' Of course, if you come from London you're naturally biased.

No one pretends that the glottal stop (the fundamental of London pronunciation) is pleasant: 'I'll se' abah' you,' 'that's be"er.' The intrusive *r* (*drorin'* for drawing) is less common in Cockney than in Brummagem. The interchanging of *v* and *w* (*vide* Tony Weller—'Spell it vith a we, Samivel') is now rarely heard, though the substitution of *v* and *f* for *th* is common: *e.g. firty-free uvvers* for thirty-three others.

Every vowel contains two or three different sounds: typical of this is Professor Wyld's phonetic representation of Cockney's 'railway' as *raiuwai*. Even Keats, one of Leigh Hunt's so-called Cockney School of Poetry, is suspected of rhymes which would be impossible in any other dialect. Note also, in *raiuwai*, the vocalisation of the *l*, and compare Mabel Constanduros' rendering of the word silk-worm as *se'uk-waerm*. Nice is pronounced *nawce;* door, *dowah;* cab, *keb;* governor (i.e. Sir) *gavner*.

Why will it take generations to standardise English, if that be possible? Because people are proud of their local dialect, holding you to be 'lardy-dah' if you speak B.B.C. English. Cockney certainly is: he sticks out his tongue in delight to hear a fellow-citizen's voice. 'They was goin' to mike us kaptins,' he winks, 'but they didn't. Must've 'eard us talkin' Landon. Don't find many Cockney officers, do yer?'

It is the Cockney vocabulary that has

enriched our tongue, or rather spiced it. Some words, of course, have a purely local significance. The Lump refers specifically to Marylebone, and no other, Workhouse; and I doubt if in any other city odd bits of meat are called *cagmag*. Other expressions are of everyday familiarity: *to pop* (to pawn)—the full phrase is *pop up the spout*. *Ruin* (Mother's ruin—gin); *tittle-tattle*, *catch napping*, *goosegog*—all these are of Cockney origin. Now that Cockney talks gangster-American as well, things are rather confused; but we may note that *an eyefull* (i.e. a remarkable sight) was used in London long before the talkies, and so was *to Adam-and-Eve it* (get married) which might be mistaken for a Walter-Winchellism.

Rhyming-slang we have mentioned: of this elaborate system, a handful of words are commonly used—*artful dodger* (lodger), *plates o' meat* (feet), *apples and pears* (stairs), *four-by-two* (Jew), *pig's ear* (beer). The Cockney simile, almost a Wellerism, has often the concentration and spontaneity of true wit. Friends are 'thick as two Jews on pay-days': wartime sausages are 'fistful of crumbs in a battle-dress.' Nothing sacred, everything brought down to earth. It must have been a Cockney who said of Rodin's *Penseur:* ''oo's been missing 'is Eno's?' Or of the Venus de Milo: 'that's what comes of bitin' yer nails.' Backslang is nowadays confined mainly to small commercial travellers: *eno* (one), *owt* (two), *yenep* (penny).

COCK'S EGG . . .

The history of the Cockney is not the history of London. In Chaucer (*Reeve's Tale*) *coken-ey* means a cock's egg, an undersized, malformed thing, a hobbledehoy. Hence it came to mean a fool or fop, being the countryman's contemptuous description of town-dwellers: citizens of *any* big city, notice, not of London in particular. About 1600 we find, in Elizabethan drama, references to the Bow Bells tradition, which was connected, during the following century, with the word Cockney. Meanwhile, Cockney became confused with Cockaigne, the legendary Land of Abundance described by Hans Sachs and applied by Boileau to bourgeois Paris, from the Latin *coquere:* that is, the Land of Cakes, with rivers of wine, gingerbread houses, pastry pavements, free shops: 'roast geese wandered about inviting folks to eat them, and buttered larks fell from the skies like manna.'

THE CHANGING COCKNEY

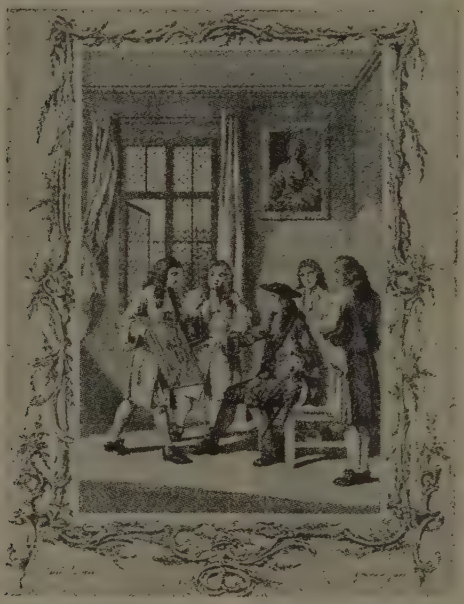
True, London is all this to the Cockney with his gluttonous appetite for life; but the derivation is false. It is a more cynical London, the London of Tom (Song-of-the-Shirt) Hood, Charles Dickens, Marie Lloyd, Lily Morris, Max Miller and Elsie and Doris Waters. The true Londoner is no antiquarian, like Charles Lamb or E. V. Lucas. He loves, not what is old, but what is familiar, so familiar, that nothing else really exists by comparison. Faced with the Capitol at Washington, your Cockney sea-vacuee merely remarks that it is an inferior imitation of St. Paul's, and what a pity there aren't any houses round it. The spirit, indeed, of the Cockney who wrote:

'Oh mine in snows and summer heats,
These good old Tory brick-built streets,
My eye is pleased with all it meets.'

Or, as my barrack-room Cockney says, 'it's too quiet 'ere. I like to 'ear the trams.' The trams, and anything else that is of the city, past, present and future. That is why the Cockney will continue to change superficially with the times, even as the *parigot* does in Paris, but can never cease to exist.

A Plan for London

by P. V. WHITEHEAD



Wren presents his plan for rebuilding London after the Great Fire to King Charles II

The London of the future must be planned in the present, says the author of this article, an enthusiastic young municipal official now in the Army. His Utopia is severely practical and offers many self-evident advantages

It may prove that the gigantic struggle upon which we are now engaged will end quite suddenly, and within the next fifteen months or even earlier. In this case, it is not too early to begin planning for the future—a future in which this country will acquire a new vitality and a new social order enabling the people to live a happier and a fuller life.

The problems of London, that great concourse of something like one-tenth of the total population of these islands, are of the greatest importance, affecting materially every part of the country, indeed of the Continent in addition, and it is vital that a rational plan of development should be drawn up before embarking upon any particular plans of

reconstruction and clearance. In this article it is proposed to touch upon some of these problems of Greater London, however cursorily, with a view to the formulation of a working policy for those called upon to the high task of building for the future.

This question can be divided for our purpose into a small number of separate groups, namely, the pattern of the future city, location of industry and agriculture, transport services, and the reform of the local governing bodies administering services of a wide range within the areas involved.

Generations of continuous increase in the size of the built-up area of London, particularly since the Great War, have had deplorable results in the destruction of the two great forms of life—the urban life, where men and women group together to live in towns enjoying the benefits of communal services, and the rural life, where the arts of agriculture are pursued by those whose mode of existence is bound up with the soil. In place of sharply-defined towns, whose citizens were able to reach really open countryside in the matter of a short time, and of a genuine countryside between the towns, there has rapidly grown up a sterile desert of what has been truly called 'Neither-Town-Nor-Country'—a vast suburbanism of petty villas in gardens, massed in thousands like so many dolls' houses over the beautiful fields and hills, valleys and woodlands of England. In London this phenomenon may be seen at its worst. Every year sees the countryside—the real countryside—receding farther and farther from the centre of London, whose inhabitants are obliged to undertake long journeys on special occasions to visit rural districts. As the newer suburbs are increased, so the journeys of city workers become longer in proportion, with a consequent heavy loss in income and nervous strain. And this is taking place at a time when food is becoming scarcer. In other words, it means that the good earth that produced the milk, and meat, and vegetables and fruit is being cut up into small plots for the erection of bungalows, many of whose inhabitants have neither the time nor the wish to cultivate their large gardens.

The late Sir Raymond Unwin was Chief Technical Officer for Building and Town Planning at the Ministry of Health and one of the greatest British authorities on planning

There must be found a solution to the problem of the overgrowth of the built-up area of London. It would not be necessary to herd the people together in uniform skyscrapers if every piece of land were used wisely and thoughtfully. Instead, there could be planned a central area, re-developed as a whole over an area of between 125 and 218 square miles to provide for a population of from 2 to 3½ millions, and surrounded by a number of physically separated satellite suburbs and cities having from 20,000 to 500,000 people in each. The latter figure would represent that for a complete city with a number of surrounding suburbs of its own. Provided that these towns were separated by wide belts of farmland and playing fields, a population of 10 to 12 millions could be included within an area of 25 miles' radius of the central point of

THE WREN PLAN (1666)

THE LONDON SOCIETY PLAN (1914–1918)

London at Charing Cross, so that everyone could have the requisite social opportunities and amenities in the form of sufficient spaciousness in the dwellings, a magnificent park system such as has never before been thought practicable in London, rapid and frequent transport services with work-places related to the homes of the people, adequate places of amusement, sport and learning, and the proximity of the countryside, brought even closer by the careful planning of green wedges leading out of central London into the agricultural areas.

The figures of population given on page 63 may be thought excessive by many planners and economists. But in the case of London we have to realise that the plans to break up the outer districts into the form of separate entities, with the building of additional towns in what are now rural areas, and the bringing back into cultivation of thousands of acres of land covered by outworn suburbs at the present time is

nothing less than a revolution, especially in so conservative a country as our own. The central area would still be large, but surely if this area, with a radius of between six and eight miles from the central point, were to be thoroughly replanned and beautified by chains of parks, adorned by wholesome new buildings, cleared of the slums and the bombed properties and given a rapid transport system, many of the drawbacks to its excessive size would disappear.

THE CENTRAL AREA

How would this new central area look? There would be the administrative centre, covering Whitehall, the City, parts of the West End and the riverside at Lambeth and Southwark. Here would be the office buildings, the seat of government and classes of buildings of a similar nature. Outside this central portion there would be replanned districts whose industries cannot be advantageously moved out of their present situations, such as the London Docks and certain of the heavy industries. There would be a number of housing estates, providing pleasant three-story block dwellings with improved communal amenities in the more central districts, and cottage estates in the outer ring of the central area and throughout the satellite suburbs. A percentage, perhaps as high as ten per cent, of tall skyscraper flats should be built for the use of unmarried persons, childless couples and married folk with grown-up children. In all parts of the area there should be an abundance of gardens, of trees and flowering shrubs, with the larger open spaces where swimming pools, sports grounds and open-air cafés should be provided in the Continental manner.

Surrounding this revivified central portion of the metropolis, there would be a Green Belt of three to five miles in depth, in which would be planned a number of sports fields, farmlands and market-gardens, while beyond would appear the new cities and suburbs, each having its own life, its own industries, civic centre, shopping district, railway station and aerodrome. Housing everywhere should be more compact, though the cottage type of dwelling should continue to be built in the ratio of 3:1 as compared with flats, which would appear in blocks in the centre of the cities.

NO WASTE OF LAND

It will be seen that these plans have taken into account the area allowed for each portion of the whole. It is assumed that waste of land will be kept at as low a percentage of the whole as is reasonably possible, but the present situation in many parts of London, where rubbish dumps, waste land and ill-planned railway yards use up many acres of ground, should be brought up to date. The industries should be dealt with on these lines: where certain industries cannot be moved out of central London they should be planned as defined estates, kept apart from commercial, and especially housing areas, i.e. in the sadly-bombarded region of the Docks; where, on the other hand, the industries are of a lighter or more transportable nature, they should be taken out into the new cities and there planned as industrial trading estates to form the economic backbone of the new townships. Distributive trades and commercial properties should be treated in accordance with their requirements in any one area, but so as to ensure a rather larger acreage given over to them in the central section, where the great

shopping districts and commercial houses will continue to be situated.

In order to ensure the smooth working of the future London, it is absolutely essential that it should be given a thoroughly reorganised transport system. Something on the lines of the Bressey Report on roads would have to be undertaken, modified so as to co-ordinate with the new plan, but providing in its essentials for a small number of main roads of the following types: (1) radial roads between the central city, the satellites and the provinces; (2) several ring, or circular highways; (3) cross-routes between towns, housing and industrial estates. The major national highways should be treated in parkway fashion throughout and should provide for a sufficient width, with cycle tracks, fast and slow tracks and wide roundabout intersections. The railway system should appear very similar to that of the roads; some of the inner lines of the main-line railways could advantageously be sunk in tunnels, linked together, and fewer terminals planned to serve long-distance routes only. Most of the Tubes should be doubled in width, to provide fast and slow services, the remaining steam lines should be electrified and the stations rebuilt in conjunction with the new roads in many cases. The canals should be modernised in connection with the construction of the industrial estates, and sites for aerodromes set apart for each of the outer towns with three major airports at least, perhaps on the roofs of great buildings in the central London area. The necessity for greater road safety should continually be borne in mind when considering the future of London's transport system; thus pedestrians should be forbidden on the national highways and housing estates kept away from through motorways.

RURAL PLANNING IN AMERICA
(*Raeburn, New Jersey*)
Note the generous open spaces

And now a word on the method of implementing these plans. It is obvious that there is a crying need at this time for some major authority to administer the plan for London, if it should ever be drawn up. To my mind, the most satisfactory solution to the problem is to cut right across existing conditions of local government, and set up a London Regional Council—an enlarged L.C.C. if you will—to control the local government of the entire region within a radius of some thirty miles from Charing Cross. The new council would have many tasks of the greatest magnitude to perform. It would levy a general rate over the whole area to cover most local expenses. It would undertake the supply of gas, electricity and water, superseding many local authorities and private companies, and it would have to modernise those services, erecting a chain of factories along the lower Thames to supply power, and keeping a watchful eye on the ever-present water problem. It would undertake the disposal of sewage and refuse, covering the whole area in one or a number of vast regional schemes and superseding

innumerable unhealthy sewage farms and refuse dumps. It would administer education and public health in its broader aspects, and it would, through its Parks and Agriculture Committee, see that London was given adequate open spaces and sports grounds, farmlands and market-gardens, smallholdings and allotments. It would undertake large-scale housing projects, slum clearance works and the initial planning of the satellite cities, and it would appoint a Committee to see that ancient monuments and beauty spots were respected by the planners. And it would appoint a Regional Planning Committee with co-opted experts, to undertake the formulation and wide administration of the plan for London.

In place of the present host of borough councils, urban district and rural district councils, and outer county councils, there would be a number of committees working in harmony with the Regional Council. These should consist of Metropolitan District Committees covering the central zone, satellite suburb committees over their areas and the immediate rural precincts, and satellite city committees, with rather wider powers than the first-named classes of local committees, to administer the local services of the expanding satellite cities and their own satellite suburbs and estates, and set up when the Regional Council had decided that the building of the new cities had reached a sufficiently advanced stage.

There are many more details that could be discussed—methods of development, types of architecture, reform of the law of land ownership, the relationship of the new London to the provincial cities and the outer world, the Channel Tunnel, and so on. But we have seen here the broad outline of a plan, admittedly very rough and ready, but the sincere result of the consideration of the problem of London by one who has watched with misgiving fifteen years of rape and destruction over the face of some of the loveliest counties of England—the fringes of London and the south-east coastline. It is not too late to repair the loss if we act decisively after this, the greatest of all wars.

THE CITY OF THE FUTURE
(a plan by Hugh Ferris, leading American architect for the rebuilding of New York City)

THERE are some confirmed pessimists who question the reality of progress, and Mr. Balfour last month stated in the hearing of the students of Glasgow the misgivings with which philosophic doubters regard the destinies of man. Without attempting to follow Mr. Balfour into his lugubrious speculations as to what may be a thousand years hence, we may at least take comfort from the fact that here and now progress, and progress in the right direction, is unmistakable. It is true that a Conservative Government is now in office, and has just completed the redistribution of offices by making Mr. W. L. Jackson Chief Secretary of Ireland, Sir John Gorst Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Curzon Under-Secretary for India. That fact in itself is sufficient to darken the whole horizon of many good Liberals, who cannot conceive that Liberalism can advance unless Liberals are in Downing Street. But even if we accept, as our standard with which to measure the progress of our time, the extent to which the Conservative occupants of Downing Street have assimilated themselves to the likeness of their Liberal predecessors, there is much—very much—to reassure the doubting and give fresh heart to the timid.

Lord Salisbury's speech at the Guildhall on Lord Mayor's Day was admirable, chiefly because of the clear and unmistakable emphasis with which he said aloud to all the world that on the Egyptian question there was practically no difference of opinion in England. We were in Egypt, and there we should stay until we had done the work for which we had slaughtered so many of our fellow-men. We cannot afford to allow all the carnage of our successive campaigns in the Nile Valley and the Red Sea to be converted from justifiable homicide into wanton murder, merely because French journalists dip their pens in gall and Mr. Labouchere clamours for evacuation. We shall come out of Egypt, as we promised, when we have accomplished the task which we undertook to perform. Until then, all the chafing and intriguing and menaces of the French only serve to root us there the more deeply, and to postpone indefinitely the possibility of our departure. All this and more also Lord Salisbury said on Lord Mayor's Day with dignity and decision. This was excellent, not merely because of its immediate effect in Egypt, but because it was a clear and unmistakable proclamation to all the world that Lord Salisbury has every confidence that Lord Rosebery, when he enters office next year, will carry out the same foreign policy to which the nation is now committed. That is good and, let us hope, as true as it is good.

As the old year draws to a close, men naturally peer forward if so be that they can discern anything through the murk. Prince George seems likely to recover from his fever, but in politics nothing is very clear except that all the statesmen prophesy peace and that all the people are dreading war. Next year will bring the General Election, which will show what our people think, first about Home Rule, and secondly upon the Labour programme. The speeches of Ministers and ex-Ministers seem to indicate a growing determination of politics to agrarianism. Mr. Balfour professes a passionate desire to see more yeomen on the land, and it will not cost the author of the Irish Land Act many scruples to make a heavy draft upon British credit to satisfy the land-hunger of the labourer. If only he would try to create the co-operative commune in England, which was vainly pressed upon him in Ireland, who knows what might not be done! Meanwhile the tendency towards Socialism goes on apace. General Caprivi remarked, in the course of his remarkable speech, that 'it was not impossible that next winter the Government would lay proposals before the Reichstag for the better employment of the increasing population'. That may mean anything or nothing. The Kaiser is almost an incalculable force.

Queen Adelaide was opposed to over-fashionable young ladies. Robert Seymour's drawing (1830) shows how she turned them into plain, sensible misses

The Devolution of Gentility

as exemplified in certain Victorian Ladies' Magazines

Reviewed by JAMES LAVER

James Laver has chosen a fascinating subject in the Ladies' Magazines of the Victorian Era. The student of Manners may find just as rich a mine of information in these strait-laced publications as the historian or the average reader

THE end of the eighteenth century witnessed a real revolution in feminine affairs in Western Europe. It was a kind of emancipation—nothing that the modern girl would consider as such, but startling enough, none the less. It was an emancipation from work. Hitherto women had been workers, with the exception, perhaps, of the *haute noblesse*. The middle-class wife and daughter of former periods had made a real contribution to the household economy. They baked and churned, and even brewed. Sometimes they spun and wove. But growing specialisation and the increasing prosperity of the middle-classes changed all this. The women of the new generation were like the lilies of the field: they toiled not, neither did they spin. And as they were not yet permitted to go out into the world and compete with men, perhaps for the first time in history, a large body of women had time on its hands.

This explains the sudden burst of activity in the minor—the very minor—arts which is obvious to all students of the subject. There was a spate of silhouette-cutting, flower-painting,

Evening Dress and Home Dress (from a Victorian Ladies' Magazine)

Catching butterflies was a ladylike pastime in 1864

embroidery. This new leisure of women explains many things, including, perhaps, the rise of the nineteenth-century novel. It also explains the sudden appearance of ladies' magazines.

One of the earliest ventures was launched in 1798. It bore the somewhat elaborate and grandiloquent title of '*The Lady's Monthly Museum*, a Polite Repository of Amusement and Instruction, Being an assemblage of whatever can tend to please the Fancy, interest the Mind or exalt the Character of the British Fair; By a Society of Ladies.' In this publication nearly all the features of later journals are to be found. There are stories, improving articles, charades and conundrums, poetry (of a kind) and, of course, descriptions of fashions. These last were represented by 'elegant Engravings, beautifully coloured', or, as we should call them, fashion plates. They were often very attractive, and collectors have, unfortunately, ruthlessly torn them out, so that copies of the complete magazine in its pristine state are extremely rare.

The magazine ran until 1830 when a 'New and improved series' began 'under the Especial Patronage of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent'. In this we find the same features, with the addition of reviews of books, dramatic criticism and answers to correspondents. Some of these are amusingly sub-acid, as when a writer is informed that 'the favours of Amicus were more acceptable if less prolific and *post paid*.'

The *Museum*, however, was not destined to have the field to itself. Competitors appeared early in the nineteenth century. *Le Beau Monde, or Literary and Fashionable Magazine* came out in 1806. Its plates were better, it offered a slightly anodyne 'Retrospect of Politics', and its poems were by no less a person than 'Thomas Moore, Esq.'

Another, and more successful venture, was *La Belle Assemblée*, or 'Bell's Court and Fashionable Magazine, Addressed particularly to the Ladies'. It contained, perhaps, the best fashion plates ever published, but not content with improving styles of dress, it set itself also to raise the standard of Manners. It was particularly down on snuff, and cries out against it in a positive ecstasy of refined horror and disgust: 'O trebly and quadruply cursed be the unlucky Spaniard who, walking abroad one fine morning in Jucatan, discovered that famous plant from which was made the black and filthy powder which came and widened the noses of our belles, sullied the purity of their breath, and added to the disquieting tax of a frequent emunctation'.

The accession of the young Queen gave a further impulse, if any were needed, both to the numbers of ladies' magazines and to their refining purpose. The latter it is, perhaps, difficult to exaggerate. What woman of the period could fail to be influenced by a magazine, not only of unimpeachable morals but 'embellished with portraits . . . forming a Picture Gallery of the

The Music Party—note the resigned yet expectant gentleman

Female Nobility of Great Britain', and containing the latest Paris fashions to boot. Some of the English magazines imported the actual plates of their French counterparts and inserted them without even troubling to re-engrave the titles. On the other hand, we find a Paris magazine, in 1840, insisting on the virtues of English dentifrice, so that the stream of influence did not always flow one way. Some of the more Puritan of the London magazines despised even English dentifrice and recommended that teeth should be cleaned with 'simple white curd soap'.

As the reign of Victoria progresses we find the stirring of a new spirit, the first faint glimmering of the notion that women were not born to spend their lives in drawing-rooms, however refined. In *The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine* of 1861 we find, in the answers to correspondents, the no doubt startling remark that 'Florence Nightingale could suggest work for leisure hands to do, better than stamp collecting.' We find also a new strength of mind. A correspondent who inquired 'When is a lady an old maid,' was enjoined to 'bid cynicism, self-deception and empty vanities begone, Eudora, and a green old age will bring with it the world's respect'. However, we have not yet said good-bye to all the pomps and vanities. While orange blossom is not *essential*, 'our opinion is that a wedding should be conducted with as much display as is consistent with the position of the gentleman'.

What might be called the old-maid complex runs throughout all the Victorian magazines. The women of the period had, with reason, a perfect horror of being 'left on the shelf'; and how little the 'world's respect' was to be counted on may be gathered from the ferocious satire of an accepted humorous writer like W. S. Gilbert. The Gilbert and Sullivan operas are full of cruel jokes about women who had not succeeded in finding themselves husbands. So it is not surprising when 'Meg', who describes herself as 'an old woman of thirty-five', writes anxiously to her favourite magazine to inquire if it is still possible for one of such advanced years to learn music, as she is 'anxious to please a dear old man of same age as myself'. Dear old men of that age to-day can only rub their eyes and wonder. Another correspondent in the same journal inquires if it is considered fast to wear spectacles in the street. 'No,' is the sensible reply. 'Single eyeglasses are fast-looking and should not be used by young ladies.' Both these quotations are of the 'seventies, from a magazine entitled *The Young Englishwoman*, 'A Volume of Pure Literature, New Fashions and Pretty Needlework Designs'. Well, the literature is pure enough and the fashions were once new, but the needlework designs are frankly horrible; and against the undoubted cultural influence which such publications fostered must be set the multiplication of doylies, hair-tidies, fire screens and similar objects which debased the æsthetic sensibility of generations of women and drove their husbands mad.

Suddenly, into this blameless world, there falls like a portent, a hitherto unmentioned word, unmentioned, that is, in the circles of feminine aspirations. It is the word 'Vote'. And although the instantaneous reaction among the vast majority of the readers of women's magazines must have been one of amazement that anybody should want so unladylike a thing, we find *The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, in 1871,

'Paris Modes' in 1857 from the 'Petit Courrier des Dames'

considering it very calmly and even gravely opining that 'a tender, loving, sensible woman will be as tender, loving and perhaps a little more sensible when she has a vote as before'. Note that the editors says not 'if', but 'when'. We have plainly travelled far from the days of the *Lady's Museum, or Polite Repository*. Do we hear the first faint crack of the horsewhip that was so mercilessly to belabour the unfortunate Mr. Asquith?

Actually, the end of the century was to show not a growing seriousness in ladies' magazines, but a growing frivolity. Intellectual women had their own papers or read those of men. Improving articles and moral tales slipped out of polite feminine journalism to take refuge in such junior publications as the admirable *Girl's Own Paper*. We are still before the age of cheap domestic magazines for the poorer woman, full of recipes and household hints. The *Picture Gallery of the Female Nobility* dwindles to a series of snap-shots of people at Ascot or Cowes. The *Smart World* of the Edwardian epoch, the garden party and casino age, comes, if not into existence, at least into publicised parade. Gentility, properly so called, is no more. At the beginning of the nineteenth century it had been a cloud on the horizon no bigger than a man's hand. Then it had spread over the sky, and now, in the early years of the twentieth, dissolved into a dew, and fell, like a gentle rain, upon the lower classes. We are all ladies and gentlemen now, and in that happy consummation the ladies' magazines of the nineteenth century played no inconsiderable a part. At least a cursory acquaintance with their pages is part of the essential equipment of the student of Manners.

Victorian Fire Screen, in appliqué and embroidery

ART FRONT

BRITISH PAINTING TO-DAY

SOME AUTUMN EXHIBITIONS

THE New English Art Club is a rather unsatisfactory exhibition. It is always difficult for a large mixed show to achieve any general standard of interest or distinction. Here and there one can dig up individual pictures of merit, but it is rather a disheartening experience. There is, however, a lovely Lucian Pissaro, 'Wood Cottage, Hewood'. He is a veteran whose talent does not grow tired. On the whole the drawings and water-colours are the best section. The Paul Nash's look well here; his water-colours in common with other English artists have a purity which his oil paintings do not always attain. Imagination and design are interlocked as they are in Cotman and S. Palmer, who are, in a sense, his spiritual forbears: like them he achieves the marriage of poetic fantasy to a logical construction. The lyric bird is snared in a cunning net of closely organised design.

'Lamarsh, Suffolk', by Percy Horton, is excellent, and Sir Muirhead Bone and Randolph Schwabe show drawings of brilliant capability.

In contrast with the above exhibition the London Group at the Leger Gallery gives an impression of much greater vitality. The strange painting by O. Kokoschka, 'Caricature', is a political allegory with a strong flavour of subconscious fantasy. The huge cat sprawling in the foreground has a certain magnificence. 'Road at Night', by R. V. Pitchforth, is one of the best pictures he has done of this subject.

Anthony Devas, in a series of new paintings at Agnews, reflects strong reactionary tendencies. He possesses considerable executive ability. He has taste and a sense of style, but something is missing. Is it that Devas is pretending that nothing has happened to the world since Manet and Degas were in their thirties? He gives one a profoundly unsatisfactory feeling, tradition has failed to undergo the necessary metamorphosis and he seems to accept the solution of a past decade and to retire from the contemporary conflict. Mankind gropes painfully forward: the arts are the very fingers of the outstretched hand, feelers extending outwards into the semi-darkness of futurity.

The English Landscapes in the adjoining room are a good collection. Here there are no unresolved conflicts and one can justly slip from the disturbing present into a retrospect of perennial summer.

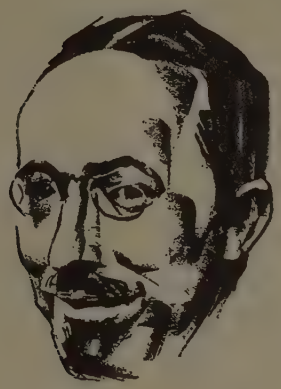
'The lake', by W. Marlowe, has a quiet perfection. It is a gentle but curiously compelling picture. 'Carnarvon Castle', by J. Farrington, R.A., is very handsomely designed. Its largeness of composition puts to shame most of our contemporary landscapes.

CIVIL DEFENCE ARTISTS

The Civil Defence Artists are holding a series of exhibitions at the Cooling Galleries. This is a venture deserving of patronage, since it will be the greatest help to the artists employed in the Civil Defence Services, enabling them to keep in touch with the public and to exhibit any work which they can find time to do.

MICHAEL ROTHENSTEIN

The Critic in Wartime



Continuing our series on the wartime literary scene, we present Frank Swinnerton, author of many highly successful novels and volumes of essays, who is also the chief fiction reviewer of The Observer

THE critic's difficulty in wartime, it seems to me, is to detach his mind from the daily news and give it candidly to what he is reading. This news is so stupendous, and so agitating, that almost any book not immediately concerned with it appears irrelevant. As if, when our houses are burning, somebody buttonholes us with a tale of fairies or recites poems praising the joys of pure contemplation. Does it, we almost ask, help to win the war?

You see an impatience, seriously unjust to the authors' triumphs of will over imaginative paralysis, in many criticisms of current novels. These reviews say, in effect, 'I am suffering from war-strain. I can't read this book. My mind is closed to it'. Reviews are ungracious or half-hearted; and little attempt is made to understand the author's object. Instead: 'What good is all this? How is it helping me to endure the war?'

Well, then, has the poem or the fairy tale no place in wartime? The Philistine, severely utilitarian, says, like the querulous reviewer, 'None!' Brusquely producing blue prints for a new tyranny, he ejaculates 'Escapism!' The dilettante lisps such common clichés as 'Schizophrenia' and 'Dichotomy', meaning, it may be, that man cannot live by bread alone or permanently in a state of warfare. But the wise know that literature, if less materially useful in the field than a tank, belongs to a vaster world. Innumerable men and women are now gaining spiritual strength from books. Soldiers, sailors, and airmen alike are at this moment buying and reading books which, by changing their thoughts, are helping to create the ideas, the life, and the literature of to-morrow.

That is the real answer to doubt. And poetry, in particular, is all-important to England. Poetry has not been, of late, the vital utterance of a proud and confident people. Far too often crabbed in expression, in content it has irrepressibly recalled

the dunce in Talbot Baines Reed's school story who so resented his master's correction that he proposed in future to mark his exercises 'Private'. But poetry will revive, because poetry alone can express, without boast or sentimentality, our assurance as an unconquerable nation. We shall again have poetry, rich, full-throated poetry. Poetry and creative fiction and drama; not the hair-splitting of schoolmen in a period of despair.

Shall we have something better than recent criticism? We are a tolerant, not a critical people. Many virtuous folk think criticism a kind of war. Critics, they believe, remembering the reviews in superfine journals, are only spiteful. It is an unfortunate assumption; for the most splenetic of reviewers, spitting gall upon all save their friends, are really only reacting against another kind of reviewing—the sickly plastering of inferior books with exaggerated adjectives. Reviewing, whether severe or slip-slop, has not been good in our days.

Severity, for instance, expresses violent prejudices with great energy. Its attitude is: 'I detest this kind of book; therefore this book is bad.' It supposes itself to be demonstrating fastidious taste. Slip-slop may be well-meaning. Or it may like to see itself quoted. Or it may show an ambition to be loved by publishers or fellow-writers. Both slip-slop and severity are out of date. When the war is over, both will be in the rear of critical opinion.

That is because all opinion is fast changing. The last twenty-five years have been years, on the one hand, of timidity and, on the other, of dislike, truculence, and destructiveness. The older men have been unadventurous; the younger vindictive. Organised exploitation of youth all over Europe has cultivated envious hatred of established order. National vanity has been stirred to rouse feeling. In England the corresponding movement among youth has shown no aggressiveness towards other nations. On the contrary, a mood of anti-Imperialism has made it fashionable with the decadent to say that only through defeat and disruption, a sinking of Britain to insignificance, could we be regenerated. But great aggressiveness has been shown towards traditional writers and thinkers. Our iconoclasts have felt that if they could debunk the famous dead, and express sufficient contempt for the successful living, they could clear a path for themselves. Their cry has been 'Destroy! Destroy! Get the old men, the old ideas, into limbo, and *then* . . .' But a younger generation still has been turning its critical eye less upon outmoded elders than upon itself. It has asked: 'When the path is cleared what is going along it?'

That is a tremendously healthy question. It means that whereas the younger generation which will not see forty again has worn itself out with querulousness and contempt, the new generation, besides fighting the war in a way to rouse the cheers of the world, is taking seriously its future responsibility to civilisation.

A sense of responsibility is a good thing in any man. It is especially good in a critic. It causes him to eschew faction, and not take it glibly for granted that English literature began with D. H. Lawrence and T. S. Eliot, or that Dickens is frightfully vulgar, and Milton a hopeless back number. It leads him to substitute for intolerant worship of impotence and aridity something generously humane, something approximating to the present spirit of England. For at the heart of the apparently lazy English system, which deceived Ribbentrop, is an integrity to which we give the pleasant unemphatic names of fair play and cricket.

I look to a re-emergence of candid honesty in reviewing, and a wider, more Catholic taste than is allowable to those who pride themselves upon exclusiveness. It should be required of a reviewer that he shall have more than the customary jargon of psycho-analysis, politics, and American slang; that he shall have read something more than Donne, Virginia Woolf, and a few pages of *The Golden Bough* and *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, and that he shall take the trouble to read and truly interpret the books he criticises.

It will happen. It is happening. It will be a great change for the better. It will be helped by improvement in the intrinsic quality of the books written and a reduction in the number published. But if there is to be improvement in criticism there must also be improvement in self-criticism; and just as the long, long books now so carefully compiled must be shortened, so must the elegant antics of the exhibitionists be curtailed. I foresee fewer books, shorter books, better books; a more imaginative generosity in reviewing; a substitution in literature as a whole of the magnanimous for the petty, the creative for the quarrelsome and the pretentious. Now that we have known superlative danger, and seen how England can endure that danger, there should be no need to ape the already yellow-edged American tough school, no need to crab this country, no need to be ashamed of emotion, and, of course, no need to sneer at a literature in which the heroic once more takes its place as a proper comment upon the nature of man.

WHAT BRITAIN IS READING

'World Review' has gathered a best-seller list from representative booksellers in London and in the country. Here is the result. At the top of the chart you will find the names of the book shops; the names of the authors and the titles of the books follow vertically. Each dot under a book-shop's name and opposite a certain book shows that the firm reported it as one of the best sellers in its area.

	Deighton, Bell & Co. Cambridge	W. & G. Foyle Ltd. W.C.2	Hatchard Ltd. W.1	Harrods S.W.1	Selfridges W.1	W. H. Smith Kensington	The Times Book Club W.1	J. Thornton & Son Oxford	T. Edwards Cardiff
Fighter Pilot			●	●	●	●	●	●	
Virginia COWLES Looking for Trouble			●	●	●	●	●		
HEMINGWAY For Whom the Bell Tolls	●		●		●		●	●	
A. D. MILLER The White Cliffs	●		●		●	●	●		
SHIRER Berlin Diary		●	●		●	●			
STEIN The Sun is my Undoing		●	●	●	●				
W. CHURCHILL Into Battle		●					●		●
DU MAURIER Frenchman's Creek				●		●	●		
Battle of Britain			●					●	
Bomber Command			●					●	
FORRESTER The Captain from Connecticut			●	●					
HILTON Random Harvest					●	●			
MASON Life of Francis Drake			●	●					
MASTERS So Few		●		●					
MASEFIELD Nine Days' Wonder						●		●	
MITCHELL Gone With the Wind	●					●			
REMARQUE Flotsam			●				●		
STIRLING The Bible for To-day			●		●				
VALTIN Out of the Night			●		●				

NOTE I

The following books were mentioned once in the answers.

M. ALLINGHAM: The Oaken Heart; BLAKE: Readiness at Dawn; BROGAN: U.S.A.; A. BRYANT: English Saga; Cambridge History of English Literature; DRUCKER: End of Economic Man; Ambassador DODD's Diary; FARSON: Bombers' Moon; FIELD: All This and Heaven Too; HEILIG: Men Crucified; HAY: The Battle of Flanders; HOUSMAN: Gracious Majesty; LAWRENCE: The Seven Pillars of Wisdom; LEWIS: Problem of Pain; LIVINGSTON: The Future in Education; MANNIN: Red Rose; MAUGHAM: Up at the Villa; MORTON: The Middle East; The Musical Companion; The Oxford Companion of Music; The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations; POPE-HENESSEY-BEATON: History under Fire; REYNOLDS: Wounded Don't Cry; The Saturday Book; SCHUSTER: Treasury of World's Great Letters; SHOKOLOV: The Don Flows Home to the Sea; SITWELL: Valse des Fleurs; STEEGMAN: Cambridge; VANSITTART: Black Record; WALPOLE: The Blind Man's House.

NOTE II

We have asked Messrs. Pickering & Inglis, Glasgow, to supply a list of the ten best-selling theological and religious books in 1941. Here is their answer:

Dr. L. SALE-HARRISON: The Remarkable Jew; The Resurrection of the Old Roman Empire: The Coming Great Northern Confederacy; The Wonders of the Great Unveiling; SMITH-LEE: Handfuls on Purpose; MCBEATH: The Silent Bells; SCROGGIE: Know Your Bible; WARBURTON-BOOTH: These Things I Have Seen; LOCKYER: From a Bishop's Basket; PICKERING: Twelve Baskets Full.

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BOOKS FOR BRITAIN

THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS

Oxford University Press. *Humphrey Milford.* 25s.

This monumental and extremely well-printed volume is another triumphant milestone in the war-time publishing programme of the O.U.P. Quotations, ancient and modern, cover here an astonishingly wide field—from 'the key of the bottomless pit' to 'what did you do in the Great War, Daddy?' As Mr. Bernard Darwin says in his Introduction, 'quotation brings to many people one of the intensest joys of living'. *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations* serves this 'joy of living' in a dignified and inexhaustible manner.

THE SIXTH QUARTER

By Philip P. Graves. *Hutchinson.* 9s. 6d.

A lucid well-written 'interim' history of the war covering the period January 1 to March 31, 1941. It deals with military operations, non-belligerents, neutrals and victims, the home front and the Empire, and though in some places it has to be content with a mere cataloguing of facts, the conclusions and analytical remarks are shrewd. The whole volume helps to bring the war into focus, and in parts the knowledge of what happened after the period covered by this volume gives it a particular pathos. Illustrated.

THE BIBLE FOR TO-DAY

Edited by John Sterling. With nearly 200 illustrations by Rowland Hilder and other artists. *Oxford University Press.* 21s.

This new edition of the Authorised Version has already caused much controversy. Its illustrations are certainly revolutionary: bombers, microphones, docks, lorries, modern maps seem to be strange in the Good Book. The typography, though devised with exceptional care and executed with faultless beauty, is also unusual. Chapter and verse have gone aboard and copious notes make every (or almost every) ambiguous passage clear and matter-of-fact. Yet it is certainly a debatable question whether all this enhances or spoils the effect of the Holy Books. The illustrations are very fine indeed, and only a small proportion of them have an anachronistic effect. Perhaps this *is* the Bible for the modern man, for the dweller in air-raid shelters and wearer of gas-masks. It is certainly a courageous attempt and one which should achieve wide popularity. And while the World is the same as in the beginning, the medium through which it speaks might be altered to fit changing ages and mentalities.

EXPRESS AND ADMIRABLE

By James Agate. *Hutchinson.* 5s.

Express—but why admirable? Disregarding the author's injunction not to read but to 'dip', we ploughed through the book from cover to cover. Some of the stories are good; some are very bad. We have always suspected the man who was able to *talk* at the breakfast table and have preferred to endure our hangovers in religious silence; but if we had to choose our talking partners at breakfast, we doubt whether he would be the author of *All the Egos.* Luckily, Mr. Agate suggests several alternatives when he plays with the idea of arranging a dinner party where a set of brilliant wits would balance a dozen arch-bores. There are several on his list whom we would gladly endure at breakfast — though preferably tongue-tied.

VICTORIAN BURLESQUE

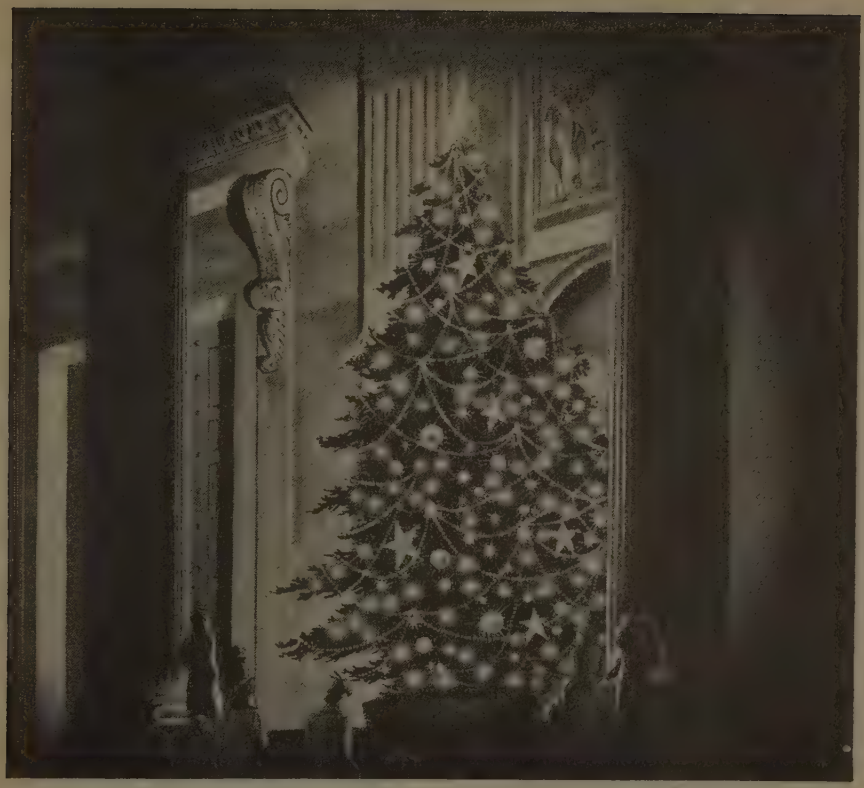
By Thomas Burke. *Herbert Jenkins.* 7s. 6d.

Another of Mr. Burke's 'period pieces', mainly about a music-hall comedian to whom fame came too late and who died because his conscience was too tender. A young wanton and the gargoyle-like wife of the comedian who is a receiver of stolen goods come to a sticky end. The plot is not too ambitious, the setting garish and a little too accurate; the whole book seems to be rather pointless except as a *tour de force.*

CASTLE AVALON

By Alan Jenkins. *Cassell.* 8s. 6d.

An agreeably provocative, amusingly impudent counterblast to conventional war literature. *Castle Avalon* is an elaborate 'funk hole' in Sussex in which, when that first misleading siren affrighted the first War Sunday, diverse people of diverse nationalities decided to take refuge and there make merry with tales of laughter and love. The book contains the stories they told. It is designed somewhat in the manner of the *Thousand and One Nights,* somewhat in the vein of *Boccaccio,* but more nearly inspired, as the author prefers to think, by the *Canterbury Tales.* It is avowedly a book of escape, legitimately so; but if this were wrong the author would assuredly be forgiven by all reasonably indulgent readers, if only because of his charming blend of ingenuousness and sophistication. It is a witty, a human book; and extremely well written; a first novel that clearly inaugurates a career meritorious in the literary world.



Until then . . .

As dusk falls, the fairy lights on the Christmas Tree outside St. Paul's Cathedral will go out . . . we must wait until Victory to see them at night again in all their colours. Then, there will return many of the pleasures that we have so willingly given up for the sake of getting on with the war . . . among them the unlimited, unrestricted travel by road that has come to mean so much to all of us.

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A Letter from a British Prisoner of War

'I HOPE you will excuse the liberty I take in writing to you. You see I am without parents, sister or brother, and, as far as I know, have no relatives in England. From the books and games received here from your Fund, I thought perhaps you would not mind me writing to you—it's nice to be able to write to somebody in dear old England and then I would have some hope of receiving a letter or parcel—I haven't had one as yet. Your gifts are very much appreciated in this camp and do much to relieve the monotony of prison life.' **(STALAG XX A.)**

The above is but one of hundreds of letters we receive from our men shut away in German Prison Camps. To these men our regular parcels of books, games and extra cigarettes—*each parcel individually addressed*—bring escape from almost incredible monotony. One prisoner writes: 'You cannot realise what pleasure reading matter of any kind gives to all of us under these conditions. We pray to God that your work may continue.' Another writes, 'Books in a place like this are a positive heaven on earth'. A third writes, 'However long our captivity lasts we shall never forget those at home who have helped to make it endurable.'

More than sixty thousand British Prisoners of War will spend this Christmas in captivity. For most, it will be their second Christmas away from home. Please help us prove to these men that they are not (and never will be) forgotten. Complete and post the form below NOW, sending what you can.

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ADDRESS .....

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RINGSIDE

By Trevor Wignall. *Hutchinson.* 10s. 6d.

There are many good stories and interesting side-lights on the 'noble art of self-defence' in this book by a veteran sporting writer. We learn that Gene Tunney's favourite writers were Hugh Walpole and G. B. Shaw; that Dempsey gave up his fighting career because he was afraid of going blind; that the feet of Joe Louis always betray whether the fight is going well or ill for him; and that Will Fyffe used to be a professional boxer. A gossipy, very human book. It would have been a pity had the author kept his vow never to write it; and it is a pleasing touch that it was a group of convalescent R.A.F. men who made him change his mind.

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD

By Patrick White. *Routledge.* 9s.

A novel of rare quality, both of thought and expression, but by no means 'easy reading'. The absence of inverted commas might truthfully be said to 'make conversation difficult', but this is as nothing to the occasional flight from every punctuation mark. There is also a rigid economy in the use of words that, it is assumed, the reader can fill in for himself (*Frau Fiesel shivered. She said that draughts*). This experiment in the use of the clipped sentence may well march with the wartime paper shortage and movement towards compacter fiction. The author's mannerisms, indeed, become a serious nuisance only when they make him Joycean and unintelligible.

FIGHTER PILOT

A personal record of the Battle of France. *Batsford.* 6s.

September 1939 to June 1940 was, for the greater part, a *sitzkrieg*. Yet the R.A.F. stored up invaluable experience for the Battle of Britain and managed to destroy quite a few Nazi planes. This anonymous record, covering the period, is more exciting than any thriller, and in its matter-of-fact modesty a happy testimony to the qualities of the few to whom we owe so much.

AT ODD MOMENTS

An Anthology chosen by Bernard Darwin. *Oxford University Press.* 5s.

'An anthology of personal preferences' containing a good deal of Dickens and even more about sport. A book to take on a tedious trip—whether in a boat, in a bomber or a Bren-gun carrier.

Without Malice

by IAN COSTER, *the famous columnist, as a 'guest star'*

JEERS AND BRICKBATS to

the Inland Revenue officials for forming a Glee Club at their Welsh health resort, presumably because they think 10s. in the £ is something to sing about;

the woman M.P. who attacked that A.T.S. 'glamour girl' poster, saying, absurdly, that mothers wouldn't like their daughters to join a service that made them look like that;

the suggestion that a women's Home Guard should be given firearms—as if the rolling-pin and the pot of cold cream aren't dangerous enough weapons after male Home Guard's night manœuvres;

the bottle-party hostess who drank champagne, ate supper and then broke all rules of the trade union by saying 'No money, thank you. I feel I haven't really entertained you sufficiently';

the producer, director, cast and cameramen of '49th Parallel' for turning out such a good picture that you even feel sympathy for the Nazis.

and, of course, to Schicklgruber and crew and Musso and gang and everybody else who won't stand up for the Internationale—until they're made to.

CHEERS AND BOUQUETS to

Gunner Harry Wragg, for his cleverness in becoming champion jockey this year, and serving King and Country in the Army at the same time;

the Brains Trust, for providing the liveliest entertainment on the air; to Joad and Huxley, for regularly proving that professors don't know the simplest things; and to Commander Campbell, for always running dead true in form as the modern Munchausen;

G.B.S., for still bothering to answer all the questions typed out and sent to him by all journalists and not minding a bit that they call it an 'interview';

that matron of the B.B.C. hostel at Bristol, who saw seven ghosts in the place, whereas Harry Price has spent his life ghost-hunting without catching sight of one;

bricklayer's mate at Canvey Island, who evidently proved to the satisfaction of his employers that he was worth £12 a week—three times the wage of a fighter pilot;

the R.A.F. boys for, among other things, adding to the variety of the English language with verbs such as 'to judder'; terms like 'getting a gong' (receiving decoration); nouns like 'bomphlateer' (dropper of pamphlets); and 'flap'; and adjectives like 'ropey' (no good).

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE

Tune used for setting off acoustic mines is the 'Horst Wessel'. Even the mines can't stand it.

Girl assistant to a theatrical magician estimates that she has been sawn in half 4,300 times in last seven years. She's probably not mystified by the trick any more.

Tanks got their name because of official hush-hush in the last war. When they were being experimented with, they were described as water tanks intended for the use of troops in Palestine. They've been called other names since—and not only by Lord Beaverbrook.

S.O.S.

—TO FILM PRODUCERS

Can we have an American picture sometime in which the heroine in the big scene doesn't scream: 'Get out! Get out, all of you!'?

—TO PUBLIC SPEAKERS

Wouldn't it be nice if one of you after-lunch veterans rose apologetically and began: 'I'm sorry. I'm awfully good at making speeches'?

—TO STATESMEN

Will you stop using the word 'practically' when you merely mean 'almost'?

WORDS IN THE WIND

'The egg shortage will continue until farmers are allowed to do what they like with their own eggs.'—Nathaniel Gubbins (foretelling the future by his customary method of looking through the bottom of an upturned glass).

'Mussolini is a universally beloved man.'—Rome Radio.

Cross-Section

A REVIEW OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

THE FACE OF BRITAIN

Red Cross and Red Tape

THIS is a simple tale of the War Office and a Poster. A young man attached to the Lycett Mission, Bow, E., as a mobile canteen driver, devised the poster. Its motif was a red cross, and he was proud of it. He pasted it up outside the mission hall.

Shortly afterwards a policeman pulled it down.

'Why do you pull down my poster?' asked the young man.

'Because it contravenes the Geneva Convention,' said the knowledgeable policeman. 'The red cross symbol may only be used by the International Red Cross. I will take your poster to Arbour Square police station.'

To Arbour Square police station went the young man to ask about his poster.

'Sorry,' said the sergeant. 'We've sent it to Scotland Yard.'

'Sorry,' said Scotland Yard. 'We've sent it to the War Office.'

'Sorry,' said the War Office. 'We must look into it.'

Days passed. Then a huge Army truck pulled up at the door of the Lycett Mission. The driver asked for the young man and handed him back the poster.

A note with it said that as the cross was a long cross and not an equal-sided cross it could properly be used.

The young man is now waiting for the knowledgeable policeman.

Daily Telegraph

Press, decontaminated

TWO brown flat bugs crawling on a wall caused consternation last week at Britain's propaganda headquarters, Bloomsbury, and called into action the decontamination squad —the fumigators. For eight hours, or thereabouts, a certain Press room was 'smoked out', to make it once again a fit habitation for hard-working journalists. In other words, the Press were deloused.

World's Press News

Harvest Story

A FARMER who threshed his own corn sent the proper return to the local offices of the Ministry of Food. The authorities sent the form back, asking that the number of ricks from which the grain was threshed should be filled in. The farmer had made no ricks at all; so he wrote across the blank space the words: 'Harvester Combine', and returned the form.

Greatly annoyed, an official rang him up, and said that the number of ricks must be stated. The farmer replied that the grain had been threshed by a harvester-combine. Whereupon the official said: 'Well then, you must ring up Mr. Harvester-Combine and get him to give you the number of ricks.'

Somehow I have a feeling that this story is a true one.

A. G. STREET, in
the *Farmers Weekly*

Deceived Noses

A PART of the elementary training in regard to war gases is recognition of them by their smell. The most pronounced smell of any is that of Lewisite, which is just like the scent of geraniums. I heard an amusing story about this the other day. A party of A.R.P. officers who had just been through an intensive gas training were driving along a main road when one sniffed, and sniffed again, and then with a start exclaimed: 'Geraniums—Lewisite!' The party instantly put on their respirators, left the car, and looked for signs or clues of gas. They spent some time unsuccessfully searching, then one looked at the garden in front of the roadhouse before which they had stopped. There, in a well-kept flower bed, was a lovely collection of blooming geraniums! I believe a visit to the bar for refreshment after this experience was their 'anti-shock' treatment.

Horse and Hound

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We regret therefore any disappointment that may be experienced on this account, either by consumers or traders.

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Old J *Finest Old Tawny*	9/6
SHERRIES	
Bonita *Rich Golden Oloroso*	8/-
Rustan Brown *Old Brown*	8/6
COCKTAIL	
"Odds On" *Cocktail*...	6/6
OLD ENGLAND	
British Ruby	3/9
British White	3/9
British Sherry	3/9
RED BEVERAGE WINE	
Reo. *A full-bodied Burgundy Type Wine*	4/6
SCOTCH WHISKY	
Spey Royal *Old Matured*	17/6
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EVERYBODY in Fleet Street knows me as Little Johnnie. No wonder, I am four feet in height. I sell the *Evening Standard* in Mitre Court, opposite Fetter Lane. It's a good paper, you know, and many of my customers belong to what I call the 'élite'. They laugh when I call them that.

Since my dear parents died, I have been doing all kinds of jobs in London. For ten years I was a solicitor's clerk, then I went into several hotels after that as a pantryman.

And now I sell newspapers. I don't mind. I make a humble living and the 'no returns' are a bit of a nuisance, but people are always kind to me, especially my vicar, the Rev. C. W. Hutchinson, and the Rector of St. Dunstan's, the Rev. Mr. MacDonald.

I am a regular churchgoer and there is plenty of good company in Fleet Street. As I said, I am on good terms with the élite—I mean people from the *News Chronicle* and the *Manchester Guardian*, whom I meet every night in the Clachan. They always buy me Black Babies, and they seem to enjoy my company and my jokes. I make a lot of jokes. Only the other night, the joke was on me. I said I would return their hospitality on my birthday, on April 21, and they laughed and said: 'Why, that's Adolf Hitler's birthday.' I think I used bad language for the first time. But I looked it up and found it wasn't true; the cad's birthday is on the 20th; they had just been pulling my leg. Fancy pulling Little Johnnie's leg!'

I was bombed out twice, last December and January this year, and now I sleep in a shelter next to St. Dunstan's. I go there as soon as the sirens go. 'Are you frightened, Johnnie?' my journalist friends say. 'No,' says I, 'I am always prepared to meet my Saviour, but not through the unsolicited interference of Adolf Hitler.'

SEVEN

Oh, what a change!

ON the outside wall of the refreshment room at Bletchley railway station, above the customary 'V' sign, there is a large, well-drawn hammer and sickle. The significant thing is that no official has ordered its removal.

The *Daily Express*, I see, reporting the arrest of seven Communists at Algiers, describes them in the headline as Reds—but, with perfect tact, in inverted commas. What a change is here!

News Chronicle

Europe And The German Question

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Book Society Recommendation. 10/6

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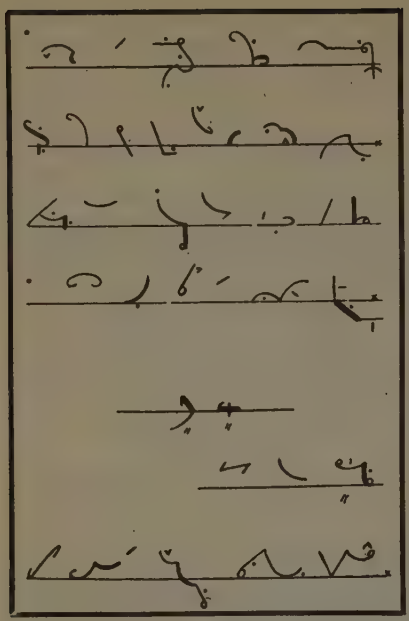

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TERRY'S *Anglepoise* LAMP

Hello— new World!

The great liners cross the painted ocean. *They* will reach their destination safely. No lurking mines await them. No dive-bombers greet them on their way! For this is ***the new World***—the world we're straining every nerve for ***now***. The world of peace and freedom and wide brotherhood. Transport has its part to play in this ***new World***—on sea, in the air, on land. There will be fine new roads in the land and fine new cars on them. The Standard Motor Company look forward to ***their*** contribution to ***this new World***.

The Standard Motor Company, Ltd., Coventry

Mother is the home guard of the family's health . . .

By seeing the home well provided with Wright's she sends out the family safeguarded in advance against the epidemics and infections of wartime.

Take extra precaution with

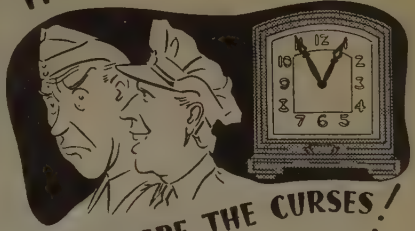
WRIGHT'S

Coal Tar Soap

7½d. per tablet including tax.

W 6.

HOME GUARD and



DO SPARE THE CURSES!

It's not the slightest good your blaming that poor shop assistant because you cannot get the 'Sectric' clock you want. Take a cheerful view . . . reflect that when victory comes you will be able to buy all the 'Sectric' clocks you need . . .

SMITH SECTRIC CLOCKS

plug in to Greenwich time

Velvety Smooth Shaving

TRY THIS TODAY

Cuticura Shaving Stick contains the unique emollient and medicinal properties of Cuticura which soothe tender skin, prevent irritation and leave your face cool, smooth and refreshed. Of all Chemists and Stores.

Made by the Manufacturers of Cuticura Soap.

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Cuticura SHAVING STICK

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